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# SELECT PSALMS

*IN VERSE,*

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS, BY BISHOP LOWTH,

AND OTHERS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

**Beauties of Sacred Poetry.**

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AWAKE UP, MY GLORY; AWAKE, LUTE AND HARP.

PSALM, LVII. 9.

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London:

PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD,  
BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY, 190, OPPOSITE ALBANY,  
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1811.

*Selected by Lord Bute*

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**J. Brettell, Printer, Marshall-Street,  
Golden-Square, London.**

TO

WILLIAM VINCENT, D.D.

THE VERY REVEREND

THE

Dean of Westminster,

THE

FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE

*INSCRIBED,*

BY HIS DEEPLY OBLIGED, AND

MOST GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

NOVEMBER 1,  
1810.



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## P R E F A C E.

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IT was the original intention of the Compiler of this little volume, to have given a complete metrical translation of the Book of Psalms, selected from all the different Versions which he could meet with: from this task, however, after bestowing some time and pains in the pursuit, he desisted; convinced, that a very large proportion of the Psalms have never yet had justice done to the beauties of their poetry, by any of their numerous translators.

He has therefore only selected such as he thought most worthy of the public eye; many of them indeed are well known, and justly admired; some he has taken from our older poets, and a few from Manuscripts in the British Museum.

For extracting from Bishop Lowth's \* *Lectures on Sacred Poetry* such passages, as apply exclusively to the Psalms, no apology can be necessary; where-ever a Psalm is given, the observations of this excellent Critic will form a most desirable preface, and even in the absence of the particular Psalm itself in this collection,

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\* "These prelections (says an elegant Critic) abounding in remarks entirely new, delivered in the purest and most expressive language, have been received and read with almost universal approbation, both at home and abroad, as being the richest augmentation literature has in our times received, and as tending to illustrate and recommend the Holy Scriptures in an uncommon degree.  
—DR. WARTON, *Note on Pope's Messiah*.

the reader may turn to the common prose translation in his Prayer-Book, to see those beauties, which this learned prelate will teach him justly to appreciate.

The notes of Dr. Geddes are taken from his new translation of the Psalms, which, it is to be regretted, he did not live to finish ; the work breaks off at the 109th Psalm.

The earliest English metrical translation the Editor has met with, is a beautiful \*MS. on vellum, in the British Museum, which once belonged to the Monastery of Kirkham.

Mr. Warton quotes from an English version of St. Jerom's French Psalter, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and which he refers to the reign of Henry II. or Richard I ; and an-

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\* *Psalterium triplicatum Lat. Gal. Ang. liber Monasterii de Kirkham.* Harl. MSS. 1770.

other in the Bodleian,”\* which, says the historian of English Poetry, “much resembles in style and measure this just mentioned,” and he adds, “if not the same, it is of equal antiquity.”

Among the Cotton MSS. is †another copy of this translation.

In the same repository is a beautiful vellum ‡MS. containing the seven penitential Psalms, from which the 51st hath been selected for the following work.

The next MS Psalm in point of date, that has fallen in the way of the Editor, is the 142d by the learned Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary to Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth; but though curious as the production of so eminent a scholar and statesman, it is not sufficiently correct for publication.

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\* History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 23.

† Vespasian. D. vii.

‡ MS. 1853. 4. D. Psalmi Thomæ Brampton, 1414.

Another MS. of the seven penitential Psalms occurs also in the British Museum.

Robert Smyth, one of the many sufferers in the reign of Queen Mary, has rendered the first part of the 119th Psalm, but not with sufficient merit to entitle it at this day to be brought to light.

The same library likewise contains a MS. translation of fifty Psalms by Sir William Forest, with a poetical preface, and a dedication to the Protector Somerset.

Another MS.† preserved there, contains about forty Psalms, many of which are extremely well done, by Francis and Christopher Davison, Joseph Bryan, and Richard Gipps. Francis Davison is well known to all lovers of early English Poetry, as editor of a valuable collection, called the “Poetical Rhapsodie.” From this MS. the Editor hath selected four

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† Harl. MSS. 6930.

Psalms. The version of the 1st Psalm by Gipps has uncommon merit: as also has that of the 133d by Bryan; it is indeed, in one passage, deformed by the introduction of an heathen image, which perhaps might have been a sufficient reason for rejecting it altogether, but the eight concluding lines are of such admirable delicacy, that the Editor could not resist the temptation of laying them before the public.

In the long list of authors, who have translated particular Psalms, occur names of the highest celebrity; Bacon and Milton have each made choice of his favourite Psalms, and rendered them in verse. Bacon, however, admirable as he is as a prose-writer, like \*Tully, falls infinitely beneath

\* Juvenal's admirable criticism on Cicero's famous verse is well known.

“ O fortunatam natam me consule Romam :

“ Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic

“ Omnia dixisset.”

SAT. X. 122.

himself, when he turns his great mind to poetry ; whilst Milton seems to have made an almost verbal translation his primary object, and having thus cramped and fettered himself, it is not surprizing that he should fly with “ flagging wing,” and that here at least his “ song with middle flight should soar.” Of Bacon’s Psalms, the 1st and 90th are the best ; of Milton’s, the 84th, the \*114th, and the 136th. The

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\* “ The 114th Psalm, (says an excellent critic) which he has rendered both into English and Greek paraphrase, appears to have attracted his notice, by a particularly beautiful turn of lines found in it.” —“ The most striking character of his poetical style is formed by the turn of words,

‘ *Glory to him*, whose just avenging ire  
 ‘ Had driven out th’ ungodly from his sight,  
 ‘ And th’ habitations of the just ; *to him*  
 ‘ *Glory and praise.*’ —

PAR. LOST, B. vii.

‘ Serpit odoriferas per opes levis *aura* Favoni,  
 ‘ *Aura* sub innumeris humida nata rosis.’

ELEG. 3.

two last were done, when he was only fifteen\* years of age.

Cowley,

“ Whose muse did make Religion a delight,” has introduced the 114th Psalm in his *Davideis*, but it is unworthy of his fine genius. Bishop Hurd has justly remarked of this great poet and excellent man, that “ every thing he wrote, is either so good, “ or so bad, that in all reason a separation “ should be made ;” the Editor regrets that the only Psalm he can find in his works, comes under the latter description,

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With these both his English and Latin poems abound.” *Cursory Remarks on some of the ancient English Poets, particularly Milton*, p. 129.

\* Mr. Warton, in his excellent edition of Milton’s minor Poems, has thrown together some of the most striking stanzas in Milton’s Psalms, p. 397, 2d edit.

† Preface to the Bishop’s edition of his select Works.

and that he cannot add the name of Cowley to his list of authors.

In Addison we find a model for all future translators. His versions of the 19th and 23d Psalms have been the theme of universal praise for near a century, and will remain so, as long as the English language continues to be admired. Dr. Warton\* informs us, that it was originally Mr. Addison's intention to have translated the whole Book of Psalms into English verse. From the two exquisite specimens just commended, the Editor cannot but regret in common with every lover of sacred poetry, that this amiable writer did not translate many others; but he regrets far more that Dryden never undertook the task of rendering some of the sublimer Psalms, nor Drummond of Hawthornden any of the pathetic ones; with what spirit

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\* *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.*

would the former great poet have paraphrased the 24th, the 68th, or the 89th, and how admirably would the 42d and the 137th have suited the delicious melancholy of Drummond's muse !

The imitation of Psalm 88, is ascribed to Prior, in a small collection of sacred poems, printed at Edinburgh 1751, under the title of " Considerations on the 88th Psalm ;" these fine stanzas, and his paraphrase of St. Paul's exhortation to Charity, make us regret that this excellent poet did not more frequently invoke **Urania** ; the paraphrase, which is one of the best pieces of sacred poetry in our language, has always been greatly admired, and is pronounced by Johnson to be " *eminently beautiful.*"

Among those Psalms, which, by the beauty of their sentiments, the splendour of their images, or the exquisite strains of their poetry, have particularly attracted

the notice of our countrymen, may be reckoned the 23d, which has been well done by Davison, Herbert, Chamberlayne, Mrs. Rowe, and others. In Mr. Cottle's Version of the Psalms, the translation of this particular one scarce yields in point of elegance to the celebrated paraphrase of it by Addison. The 114th is also a great favourite with our poets, and, beside many other names, boasts the distinguished ones of Cowley and Milton. The 137th, as might be expected from its extreme beauty, has been often rendered; by Francis Davison, among many others, (which has usually been printed under the name of Donne) and by the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney; the 148th by Lord Roscommon, and by several other authors; but the 15th, which so admirably pictures the character of him, who "shall dwell in the tabernacle of the Lord, and rest upon his holy hill," hath never been tolerably

rendered ; nor among the numerous translations of the \*137th, is there one in our language, which does justice to the plaintive strains of the Hebrew Muse, as she sat by the waters of Babylon, and wept, when she remembered thee, O Sion !

For further information on this subject the reader is referred to some judicious considerations on †Psalmody, prefixed to a few Psalms and Hymns selected with considerable taste ; and to Mason's Essays on Church Music.

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\* The learned reader need not be told that the 15th and 137th Psalms, are two of the most beautiful in Buchanan's elegant paraphrase.

† Psalms and Hymns, selected from various authors, &c. by a Country Clergyman. London, Rivingtons, Hatchard, &c. 1807.

## OLD VERSION.

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THE poetical annals of this reign (Edward VI.) are almost entirely filled with metrical translations from various parts of the Holy Scriptures. Wyatt and \* Surrey had translated some of the Psalms, but Sternhold, an enthusiast in the cause of the Reformation, taking offence at the indecent ballads which were current among the courtiers; and hoping to substitute a set of more holy subjects, undertook a translation of the Psalter. A similar attempt had been made in France, by Clement Marot, and, strange to say, had been

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\* Three Psalms by the Earl of Surrey will be found in Mr. Park's edition of Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii.

made with success : and though Sternhold did not possess the talents of Marot, his industry has been rewarded by still more permanent popularity. It is rather whimsical, that the first versions of the Psalms were made in both countries by laymen and court-poets ; and they translated nearly an equal number: Marot 50, and \*Sternhold 51. Sternhold died in 1549 ; and his Psalms were printed in the same year, by Edward Whitchurch.

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\* Fuller says 37 ; the passage is worth citing. About this time (1550), David's Psalms were translated into English meeter, and (if not publicly commanded), generally permitted to be sung in all churches. The work was performed by Thomas Sternhold (an Hampshire man, Esquire, and of the Privie Chamber to King Edward the Sixt, who for his part translated thirty-seven selected Psalms), John Hopkins, Robert Wisedom, &c. men, whose piety was better than their poetry ; and they had drank more of Jordan, than of Helicon.—*Church History of Britain.*

John Hopkins, a clergyman and school-master in Suffolk, rather a better poet than Sternhold, added 58 Psalms to the list. Of the other contributors, the chief in point of rank and learning, was William Whyttingham, Dean of Durham, whose translations are marked with the initials of his name ; Thomas Norton, a barrister, and a native of Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordshire, who assisted Sackville in composing the tragedy of Gorbodue, wrote 27. The entire collection was at length published by John Day, in 1562.

It certainly is not easy to discover the grand features of Hebrew poetry, through the muddy medium of this translation, but it is a curious repertory, and highly characteristic of the times in which it was written. Metre was the universal vehicle of devotion. Our poets were inspired with a real and fervent enthusiasm, and though the tameness and insipidity of the

language in which they vented this inspiration, may surprize and disgust a modern reader, it was probably once thought to derive grandeur and sanctity from its subject. — *Mr. Ellis's Specimens of the early English Poets, vol. ii.*

Sternhold and Hopkins (says Dr. Beattie) are in general bad, but have given us a few stanzas that are wonderfully fine.

# BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF THOSE

WHO HAVE TRANSLATED

THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS.

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## MATTHEW PARKER

WAS born in the city of Norwich, in the year 1504, and admitted into Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 1520; of which house he afterwards became master, 1544. He died 1575.

“In the year 1533, or 4, he was appointed chaplain to Queen Ann Boleyn, who liked him so well for his learning, prudent, and godly behaviour, that, not long before her death, she gave him a particular charge to take care of her daughter, Elizabeth, that she might not want his pious and wise counsel.\*”

\* Le Neve.

Queen Elizabeth took the earliest opportunity of rewarding him for his services, for he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, in the first year of her glorious reign.

“ The Archbishop (says his biographer) published also the Psalms of David, in very elegant English metre, dividing them into three parts, each part containing fifty psalms, which I have not yet come to the sight of.\* ” These also were his employment in his solitary retirement, in the *Marian* days, for his own comfort, and for the comfort of his friends in those melancholy times. †

Parker’s Version of the Psalms is an extremely rare book; some account of it may be found in Warton’s History of English Poetry, where Mr. Warton contrasts his translation of the 18th psalm with the celebrated one of Sternhold: the comparison, I

\* Strype’s Life of Archbishop Parker.

† Dr. Parker was so little affected with his reverse of fortune, that he seems even to have rejoiced in his situation, of which himself gives the following account:—“ Postea privatus vixi, ita coram Deo latus in conscientiā meā, adeoque nec pudēfactus, nec dejectus, ut dulcissimum otium literariorum, ad quod Dei bona providentia me revocavit, multo majores et solidores voluptates mihi pepererit, quam negotiosum illud et periculosum vivendi genus unquam placuit.”

think, is not fairly instituted ; the 18th has generally been looked on as Sternhold's master-piece ; the Archbishop's best performance, therefore, should, in all reason, have been sought for, and it would have been found, not among the sublime psalms, but among those distinguished by tenderness and feeling. The specimen I have given, has, in my opinion, considerable merit. The 56th psalm also is extremely well done ; the concluding stanza of it is marked by a very affecting simplicity :—

For thou my soul hast rid from death,  
 From fall thou keep'st my feet ;  
 To walk in light, while life hath breath,  
 Before my God so sweet.

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### GEORGE SANDYS,

Youngest son of Edwyn Sandys, Archbishop of York, was one of the most accomplished persons of his time. He merited much for his travels into the Eastern countries, of which he has published an accurate account : but still more for his paraphrases and translations, which were excelled by none of the poets of this reign (Charles I.) His principal

works are, his translation of Job, his paraphrase on the Psalms, and his translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis. His psalms were set to music by William and Henry Lawes, musicians to Charles I., and his Ovid was one of the first books that gave Mr. Pope a taste for poetry \*. Mr. Dryden pronounced him the best versifier of the last age. He was also an excellent geographer and critic. † His translation of the sacred drama of Grotius, entitled Christus Patiens, is the piece upon which Lauder founded his impudent charge of plagiarism against Milton. He was born in the year 1577: died 1643.

*Granger's Biog. History.*

There are but few incidents known concerning our author, but all the writers, who mention him, agree in bestowing on him the character, not only of a man of genius, but of singular worth and piety.—*Nicol's Select Collection of Poems.*

From Sandys's version, probably the best in our language, I have taken several psalms, and might easily have added to the number, but that my primary object has been to be select. Mr. Ellis has lately given the 148th in his elegant specimens,

\* Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.

† See Mr. Pope's note on Iliad, xxii. v. 197.

which is certainly one of our author's best compositions, and appears to stil. greater advantage in Mr. Ellis's page, as, with his usual taste, he has omitted the six concluding lines, which are inferior to the rest. Our poet has evinced great judgment in the adaptation of different metres to the sense of his author, and shewn himself to equal advantage in all; for, whilst, in the 18th and 89th psalms, he does ample justice to the sublime ideas of the Royal Psalmist, and reminds us of the majesty of Dryden's muse, in the 133rd and 134th he delights us with strains delicate as those of Horace himself.

The following passage, from Sandys's Travels, will be a treat to my reader; it is the opening of his last book :—

“ Now shape we our course for England. Beloved soil! as in scite

\* Wholly from all the world disjoin'd, so in thy felicities. The summer burns thee not, nor the winter benums thee; defended by the sea from wasteful incursions, and *by the valour of thy sons from hostile invasions*: All other countries are in some things defective; when thou, a provident parent, dost minister unto thine whatsoever is useful, foreign additions but only tending to vanity

\* penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.—*Virg. Aeneid.*

and luxury. Virtue in thee at the least is praised, and vices are branded with their names, if not pursued with punishments. That Ulysses,

\* who, after Troy subdu'd,  
Manners and towns of various nations view'd,  
if, as sound in judgment, as ripe in experience,  
will confess thee to be the land that floweth with  
milk and honey.”

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### GEORGE WITHER.

This poet was born in 1588, and died in 1667. He was a most voluminous writer; but no complete edition of his works was ever published, although no author, perhaps, was ever more admired by his contemporaries.—*Mr. Ellis, vol. iii.*

He has translated the Book of Psalms, in lyric verse: I have selected the 57th, one of the best I could find in the little volume, which is, I believe, not easily to be met with.

\* *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.*

*Horat de Art. Poet. 142.*

## HENRY KING,

Bishop of Chichester, son of John King, Bishop of London, was born in the year 1591, and educated at Westminster School, from the foundation of which he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford.

Besides his Translation of the Psalms, he was author of Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets. London, 1657. Mr. Headley characterizes him, as “an eminent and respectable divine, the greater part of whose poetry (which was either written at an early age, or as a relaxation from severer studies) is neat, and uncommonly elegant.”

This high encomium is more applicable to the Bishop’s original Poems, than to his version of the Psalms; a stanza, here and there, might indeed be selected, which would justify our elegant critic’s lavish praise, but I fear not one whole psalm: our author, too, has so frequently betrayed want of judgment in his choice of metre, that his work must despair of ever regaining the little popularity it once may have boasted. He died 1669.

The following little poem of Bishop King will shew him deserving of Mr. Headley’s praises; a still more elegant one, “the Exequy,” might be adduced, but is too long for insertion. They both,

with other poems of our author, occur in Mr. Headley's truly "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry \*."

*MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.*

ILL-BUSI'D man! why should'st thou take such care  
 To lengthen out thy life's short kalendar?  
 When ev'ry spectacle thou look'st upon  
 Presents and acts thy execution:—

Each drooping season, and each flower doth cry,  
 ' Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must die.'

The beating of thy pulse, when thou art well,  
 Is just the tolling of thy passing bell;  
 Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy  
 Covers alike deceased day and thee;  
 And all those weeping dews which nightly fall,  
 Are but the tears shed for thy funeral.

\* This elegant selection, which had become extremely scarce, has just been re-published in a manner highly creditable to the taste of Mr. Sharpe: the work is printed in the modern orthography, in imitation of Mr. Ellis's Specimens. Headley's Original Poems are added; and a life of him prefixed by the Rev. Mr. Kett.

## RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

Of this translator little, I believe, is known. He has paraphrased the whole Psalter, and given an additional version of above an hundred psalms. I have selected from him the third, and the 100th psalms; both, I trust my reader will think with me, highly creditable to his poetic talents.

The third edition of his work was printed 1685.

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## SIR JOHN DENHAM,

The celebrated author of Cooper's Hill, and other Poems, translated the whole Book of Psalms; but to this translation may be applied what has been justly observed of his other versions, that "they are without the spirit of\* his own rules, or the practice of his own example in his original pieces." It has, however, been very highly commended by Felton, in his excellent treatise on reading the classics.

\* "He gave, in the short preface to his second book of Virgil, the best rules for translation that had then appeared, or that will, perhaps, ever appear."

The reader will, however, find in this selection one or two of Sir John Denham's psalms not wholly unworthy of his high name as a poet. He was born 1615, and died 1668.

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### MILES SMYTH

Was born 1618. Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, in 1642, he adhered to the cause of his Majesty, and did him service. Having suffered as a royalist, he was, after the Restoration of King Charles II. received into the service of Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who appointed him his secretary. He died 1671.

*Wood's Ath. Ox.*

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### SIMON FORD

Was born 1619. He describes himself, in his title-page to his Psalms, Rector of Old Swinford, Worcestershire. His version was published 1688. In his preface he gives a brief account of Sternhold and Hopkins, and endeavours to defend their translation. His concluding sentence is just, and worth citing: "God hath received a great deal of praise,

and the ordinary sort of Christians a great deal of edification and comfort, by the use of that version of theirs, for above an hundred years, in this church."

" He was accounted (says Wood), by those that knew him, a very able scholar, a noted preacher, and a most eloquent Latin poet."

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### JOHN PATRICK,

Preacher to the Charter-House, and brother of Simon, Bishop of Ely, the learned and excellent commentator on the Old Testament, has translated the whole Book of Psalms, and likewise given a century of psalms, the poetry of which latter work is superior to that of the former. He died 1695.

" Mr. Patrick of the Charter-House (says Baxter) hath with pious skill and seriousness turned into a new metre many of David's Psalms, and the advantage for holy affections and harmony hath so far reconciled the nonconformists, that divers of them use his psalms in their congregations, though they have their old ones, Rouse's, Bishop King's, Mr. White's, the New England's, Davison's, the Scots (agreed on by two nations), in competition with it."—*Preface to his Poems.*

## SAMUEL WOODFORD, D. D.

Rector of Hartley-Malduit, in Hampshire, and Prebendary of Winchester, was born in the year 1636. His Paraphrase of the Psalms shews him to have been deeply infected with what Johnson calls ‘our Pindarick infatuation;’ it is miserably executed in \* Pindaric, and other metres. His friend Flaxman pronounced it to be “an incomparable version,” nec immerito. The specimen I have given is, I believe, the best psalm in the volume, it is certainly very superior to the general cast of his

\* Falsely so called. “The character of these late Pindaricks is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhimes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appeared.

“On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connexion, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.”

*Congreve, as quoted by West in Preface to his Translations.*

poetry. A few of his Poems, with some further account of him may be found in the 4th volume of Mr. Nicoll's Select Collection of Poems. He died 1700.

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### NAHUM TATE

Was born in the year 1652, and made Poet-Lauréat to King William, upon the death of Shadwell, which place he continued to hold till the accession of George I. on whom he lived to write the first birth-day ode. He was a man of good nature, great probity, and competent learning; but so extremely modest, that he was never able to make his fortune, or to raise himself above necessity. The Earl of Dorset was his patron. His share in the 2nd part of Absalom and Achitophel is far from inconsiderable; Johnson, indeed, speaks of it as written by him. It is but an indifferent compliment to his poetical talents to say, he was very superior to his brother translator in their version of the Psalms. He died 1715.

## NICHOLAS BRADY, D. D.

Was born in the year 1659, educated at Westminster School, and elected from the foundation to Christ Church, Oxford, 1678. After passing several years in Ireland, his native country, and where he was prebendary of St. Barry's, Cork, he returned to England, and was appointed Vicar of Stratford on Avon, and Rector of Clapham. He is best known as a poet by his share with Tate in the New Version: Cibber ascribes to him the 104th psalm. As to his Eneid let us hear Johnson, who, speaking of Dryden's “\* noble and spirited translation,” and having just refuted the strictures of Milbourne, thus proceeds: “When admiration had subsided, the translation was more coolly examined, and found, like all others, to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licentious. Those who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and Dr. Brady attempted, in blank verse, a translation of the Eneid, which, when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.” *Life of Dryden.*

Dr. Brady published three volumes of sermons, and died 1726.

\* Pope.

## LUKE MILBOURNE

Was Rector of St. Ethelburga's, and Lecturer of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. His Translation of the Psalms was published 1698. He died 1720.

He attacked Dryden's Translation of Virgil, in a volume of notes; and is styled by Pope “\* *the fairest of critics*, because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.”—*Johnson's Life of Dryden*.

\* This is in the spirit of the truest humour. The keen wit of Swift, and the chaste humour of Addison are justly proverbial. Pope's humour has, I think, never been duly praised; the happiest instance of it is to be found in the celebrated paper of the *Guardian*, in which he draws a comparison between the merits of Philips's *Pastorals*, and his own; and while he seems to bestow the palm on those of his rival, in truth throughout prefers and recommends his own; this Johnson has pronounced to be “unprecedented and unparalleled.”

Another happy specimen occurs in a letter of Pope's to Lord Burlington, in which he admirably delineates the character of “the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson.”

## SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE,

A pious man, and laborious writer: the year of his birth is not known; he died in 1729. Dr. Johnson has written his life, in which he generously attempts to rescue him from that obscurity in which the ridicule of Dryden and Pope had unhappily involved him.

The preface to his Psalms shews him to be a better critic (\* on this subject at least) than poet. His idea of what a translation of the Psalms ought to be is very just, and entitled to the attention of future translators; how feebly he has executed his task, even the partiality of his great biographer will not allow him to dissemble.

“ The lovers of musical devotion (says Johnson) have always wished for a more happy metrical version than they have yet obtained of the Book of Psalms; this wish the piety of Blackmore led him to gratify, and he produced (1721) *a New Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the Tunes used in Churches;*” which, being recommended by the archbishops, and many bishops, obtained a license for its admission into public worship; but no ad-

\* For he elsewhere praises Dennis as equal to Boileau in poetry!

mission has it yet obtained, nor has it any right to come where Brady and Tate have got possession. Blackmore's name must be added to those of many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well."

I have selected two psalms from his translation, and I believe they are two of his best.

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### ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

This eminently pious man, and very useful writer, was born in 1674, and died in 1748.

"Few men," says Dr. Johnson, "have left behind them such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke: he has left neither corporeal, nor spiritual nature unexamined; but has taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars."

Watts's Psalms have been highly commended: but, in my opinion, far beyond their real merits; passages highly poetical occur indeed in every page, but are they not intermingled with, and disgraced by, low allusions, colloquial phrases, and

even sometimes absolute vulgarisms ? He surprises and delights by occasional beauties, but perpetually disappoints us by falling below the dignity of his subject. "His devotional poetry," says Johnson, "is, like that of others, unsatisfactory." But our critic, instead of passing that censure on the poet, which he so well deserves, unfairly imputes the blame to his subject. "The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well."

Dr. Johnson, I am inclined to think, had a very slight acquaintance with Watts's poetry ; had he properly examined it, he could not have included his life among those of our eminent poets. The science of the philosopher, and the virtues of the saint, might justly recommend this excellent man to the notice of the great biographer, and claim immortality from his pen ; but surely nothing to be found in his Psalms, his Hymns, or his volume of Lyrics can justify our British Plutarch in ranking Watts among the chief poets of his country. Johnson has raised the temple of poetic fame, and placed the statue of Watts in that niche, which Chaucer, Spenser, or Drayton should have graced.

Mr. Cottle, in the excellent preface to his own

version, after paying an elegant tribute to the genius and piety of Watts, justly observes; “Dr. Watts’s, for the most part, cannot be considered as a version of the Psalms, but must be regarded as a paraphrase of particular parts, blended with all the language peculiar to the New Testament. This distinguishing character in Dr. Watts’s Psalms, where David is made to speak so generally in the language of an apostle, has appeared to some persons to be an inconsistency, and such it would be in a professed version; but Dr. Watts is not to be condemned in this respect, for his Psalms are precisely what he declared them to be. He acknowledged them to be *imitated* only, in the language of the \* New Testament, which allowed him a latitude of expression, from which he who gives a faithful

\* “ Whilst I express my approbation of Dr. Watts’s Psalms, and acknowledge that they are admirably suited to the purpose for which they were designed, it cannot for a moment be admitted, that the Psalms, in their strict and literal sense, are not, also, in the highest degree, calculated to express the sentiments of Christians; and concerning which, every doubt must vanish, when it is recollected that the Psalms of David are not only the language of inspiration, but, as part of the Jewish liturgy, were sung by our Saviour himself, during his humiliation on earth, by the apostles, by the primitive Christians, and have been adopted by the Church in all ages.”

version is necessarily excluded; but, on the contrary, if Dr. Watts is not to be censured for the non-performance of what he never undertook, neither is he to have that ascribed to him, which he never claimed; and when so large a portion of almost every psalm is omitted, and (however excellent) so much new, and extraneous matter added, candour must admit, that it is a violation of terms to call that a *version*, which, rightly denominated, is no other than a Collection of Hymns, or Divine Poems, *founded upon the Psalms.*"

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### JAMES MERRICK, A. M.

Was born about the year 1718, was fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and author of a translation of Tryphiodorus, and other works. His Annotations on the Psalms are much esteemed.

Mr. Merrick's paraphrase has been highly complimented, but will not, I think, stand the test of a close examination; \*the strong sense, and sublime

\* "One of my objections to Merrick's Psalms (says Beatie) would be, if they are all like the specimen you favoured me with, their unnecessary and paraphrastical diffuseness."

*Life by Sir W. Forbes.*

beauties of the “\* Sweet Psalmist of Israel,” are miserably frittered away, in the flowery lines of our author’s version, and we look in vain for “† that divine simplicity, for the want of which nothing can compensate.” Indeed, the tinsel, and frippery

\* 2 Samuel, xxiii. 1.

† My reader will thank me for laying before him the whole passage : “ Though the *forms* of *elegance* may be caught by imitation, its *essence* is in the mind. The sentiments which have received its stamp, shew the fineness of the mould in which they were cast. If it were allowable for a moment to adopt the poetical creed of the ancients, one would almost imagine, that the thoughts of a truly elegant writer were formed by Apollo, and attired by the Graces. It would seem, indeed, that language was at a loss to furnish a garb, adapted to their rank and worth ; that judgment, fancy, taste, had all combined to adorn them, yet without impairing that divine simplicity, for the want of which nothing can compensate. For the graceful negligence of nature always pleases beyond the truest ornaments that art can devise. Indeed, they are then truest, when they approach the nearest to this negligence. To attain it, is the very triumph of art. The wise artist, therefore, always completes his studies in the great school of creation, where the forms of *elegance* lie scattered in an endless variety ; and the writer, who wishes to possess some portion of that sovereign excellence, simplicity, even though he were an infidel, would have recourse to the Scriptures, and make them his model.”

*Mainwaring’s elegant Dissertation, prefixed to his Sermons, p. 27.*

with which his poetry abounds induce one to conclude he had no taste for Dryden, or Pope, but had studied with success in that new school, which has produced the great empiric in English poetry, the late Dr. Darwin.

Mr. Merrick is further highly censurable for his very frequent use of a metre, extremely ill-adapted to the dignity of his subject; it has been nick-named by Pope the Namby-pamby, and the well-known song of Ambrose Philips,

“ Busy, curious, thirsty fly,”

is an instance of it, familiar to every one of my readers. Cowley’s having made choice of it for his *Anacreontics*, should have taught Mr. Merrick how little it could comport with the noble strains of David’s lyre.

Mr. Merrick was a scholar, and a man of considerable diligence: long practice seems to have given him facility in making verses; but nature, I think, never designed him for a \* poet. He died at Reading, in the year 1769, much and deservedly respected.

\* Sæpe enim audivi, poetam bonum neminem (id quod a Democrito, et Platone in scriptis relictum esse dicunt) sine inflammatione animorum existere posse, et sine quodam afflatu quasi furoris.—*De Oratore, Lib. ii.*

From his version I have selected several psalms, and added a beautiful imitation of the 122d, which is to be found in Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms. It is translated from a Latin ode, stated by the bishop to be the delicate cygnæan strain of Theodore Zuinger, but which \* Mr. Beloe has lately restored to its rightful owner, that most elegant of paraphrasts, the learned and pious Buchanan.

Mr. Merrick often begins a psalm well, but, unfortunately, falls off, as he proceeds; of this the 8th is a very beautiful and striking instance, and my reader may easily find many others.

The strictures, I have presumed to offer, on the poetry of Watts and Merrick, will, I doubt not, be thought severe by their respective admirers; they are generally considered as our two best versions, and as, in my opinion, they are both extremely faulty, I have endeavoured to point out some of their defects, to prevent their being inconsiderately adopted as models by future translators. Of Dr. Watts it has lately been said, that his qualifications for executing a version of the Psalms were of a very superior order, "whilst, by the compilers of the Biographical Dictionary, we are informed, that Mr. Merrick's is the best poetical translation of the

\* Anecdotes of Literature.

Psalms in the language." Such unqualified praise is, I think, one of the numerous proofs of that degeneracy of taste, which had been gaining upon us for several years, till the nervous lines of \* Mr. Gifford, the admirable notes on the Pursuits of Literature, and the exquisite † Imitations of the Anti-Jacobin, pointed out to us with what gossomery strains we had too long been delighted. Thanks to these manly writers, symptoms of returning taste begin to appear, and sound, devoid of sense, no longer continues to charm: in prose, the excellent works of Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor are much sought after, and the most finished production of the immortal Bacon, his incomparable essays, have, within these late few years, passed through several editions; in poetry, Mr. Gifford's Massinger has been most favourably received, and a second edition of Mr. Todd's Milton has been called for; whilst Dryden, that mighty ‡ Master of the Song, has been edited

\* Baviad and Mæviad.

† Loves of the Triangles, in particular.

‡ He only is the Master, who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predomination I will consent that

by “\* the first poet of the age.” Let us hope then, that the trash, with which the press so disgracefully teems, may experience the contempt that is its due, and that works of established reputation may meet with that attention they so justly merit, and may become models of composition to future writers; above all, that the *exemplaria Græca*, the genuine source of all that is pure in taste, or sound in learning, may be looked up to with admiration, and fondly cherished, as relics above all praise, and the parent of them let us hail in the language of him, our great countryman, who so sweetly sung, what he so deeply, so exquisitely, felt:

behold

Where on th’ *Ægean* shore a city stands,  
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
 † Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts,  
 And eloquence; native to famous wits,

Dryden should be tried; of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy; of this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama.

*Johnson’s Life of Dryden.*

\* Mr. Copleston’s Defence of Oxford.

† *Atque, ut omittam Græciam, quæ semper eloquentiæ princeps esse voluit, atque illas omnium doctrinarum inventrices Athenas, in quibus summa dicendi vis et inventa est, et perfecta.*

*De Oratore.*

Or hospitable, in the sweet recess  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades."

*Par. Reg. iv.*

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STEPHEN WHEATLAND,

AND

TIPPING SILVESTER.

Of these joint translators of the Psalms, into heroic verse, published 1754, I know nothing; that their performance is far from being despicable will appear from the single specimen here presented to the reader, whilst they are entitled to the highest of all praise, that of giving the sense of their author correctly. Such tameness, however, and want of spirit pervade the whole work, as will no doubt for ever keep it in its present state of neglect and obscurity. The book is particularly well printed.

## CHRISTOPHER SMART,

Born 1722. Died 1771.

Smart's was an unhappy life, impudent, drunken, poor, diseased, and at length insane. Yet he must not be classed with such as Boyce and Savage, who were redeemed by no virtue, for Smart was friendly, and liberal, and affectionate. His piety was fervent, and, when composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed as to write upon his knees. In his fits of insanity it became his ruling passion; he would say his prayers in the streets, and insist that people should pray with him. He composed a song to David, when in confinement, and being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, indented the lines upon the wainscot with the end of a key.—MR. SOUTHEY'S *Specimens of the later English Poets*, vol. ii.

From his version of the Psalms I have selected the 121st, as best entitled to my reader's attention..



## SELECT PSALMS,

&c.

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TO sundry keies doth Hilarie compare  
The holy Psalmes of that prophetique king,  
Cause in their natures so dispos'd they are,  
That, as it were, by sundry dores they bring  
The soul of man, opprest with deadly sinne,  
Unto the throne, where he may mercy winne.

For wouldest thou in thy Saviour still rejoyce,  
Or for thy sinnes with teares lament and pray,  
Or sing his praises with thy heart and voice,  
Or for his mercies give him thankes alway ?  
Set David's Psalmes a mirrour to thy mind,  
But with his zeale, and heavenly spirit join'd.

HENRY PEACHAM.

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## SELECT PSALMS,

&c.

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### PSALM I.

**T**HIS psalm may be considered as a sort of prelude to the whole Psalter. It contrasts, in an elegant poetical manner, the happiness of the just man with the unhappiness of the wicked.

DR. GEDDES.

How bless'd ! that wicked counsel ne'er obeys,  
Nor leads a careless life in sinner's ways,  
Nor, sitting in their chair, full fraught with pride,  
Will scornfully the righteous deride ;  
But makes God's holy laws his soul's delight,  
Recording them each day, and every night.  
He shall be like the fruitful tree, which grows  
Upon a bank, by which a river flows ;  
Whose leaf shall know no fall ; whose fruit deceives  
No hopeful owner, but exceeds the leaves.  
But wicked men, as chaff from better corn,  
With every puff of wind away is borne :  
So when the judge of heaven and earth shall come  
To sit in judgment at the day of doom,

They shall not stand before his sight ; but then  
 Their sins shall sever them from righteous men.  
 Thus ill-men perish ; God them not regards,  
 But knows all good-mens ways, and them rewards.

GIPPS. MS.

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## PSALM II.

THE subject of the second psalm is the establishment of David upon the throne, agreeably to the Almighty decree, notwithstanding the fruitless opposition of his enemies. The character which David sustains in this poem is two-fold, literal and allegorical. If, on the first reading of the psalm, we consider the character of David in the literal sense, the composition appears sufficiently perspicuous, and abundantly illustrated by facts from the sacred history. Through the whole, indeed, there is an unusual fervour of language, a brilliancy of metaphor; and sometimes the diction is uncommonly elevated, as if to intimate, that something of a more sublime and important nature lay concealed within, and as if the poet had some intention of admitting us to the secret recesses of his subject. If, in consequence of this indication, we turn our minds

to contemplate the internal sense, and apply the same passages to the allegorical David, a nobler series of events is presented to us, and a meaning, not only more sublime, but even more perspicuous, rises to the view. Should any thing at first appear bolder and more elevated than the obvious sense would bear, it will now at once appear clear, expressive, and admirably adapted to the dignity of the principal subject. If, after having considered attentively the subjects apart, we examine them at length in a united view, the beauty and sublimity of this most elegant poem will be improved. We may then perceive the vast disparity of the two images, and yet the continual harmony and agreement that subsists between them, the amazing resemblance, as between near relations, in every feature and lineament, and the accurate analogy which is preserved, so that either may pass for the original, whence the other was copied. New light is reflected upon the diction, and a degree of dignity and importance is added to the sentiments, whilst they gradually rise from humble to more elevated objects, from human to divine, till at length the great subject of the poem is placed in the most conspicuous light, and the composition attains the highest point of sublimity.—BISHOP LOWTH.

## PSALM III.

How, O my God, do they increase,  
Who seek to rob me of my peace !  
They say, my soul's forsook by thee,  
And that thou hast no help for me :  
But thou my shield art, thou my praise,  
Thou my dejected head dost raise ;  
When troubled, unto thee I cry,  
Thou hear'st, and help descends from high.

In peace I'll lay me down and sleep,  
And rise : who hurts whom thou dost keep ?  
Thus guarded, though ten thousand were  
About me set, I would not fear ;  
Rise, Lord ! and shield me from their power,  
And break the jaw that would devour.  
Oh ! bless thy people, who alone  
Can'st bless us with salvation.

GOODRIDGE.

## PSALM IV.\*

Thou witness of my truth sincere,  
 My God, unto my poor request  
 Vouchsafe to lend thy gracious ear ;  
 Thou hast my soul from thrall releas'd.

\* THE pious, learned, and eloquent Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, has translated the first ten psalms, under the quaint title of “A few of David’s Psalms metaphrased for a taste of the rest;” from these I have made choice of the 4th, which is very affectingly rendered.

This eminent prelate was born in 1574, and died in 1656. †

Bishop Hall and Archbishop Parker were no strangers to persecution, and in some of the psalms of affliction, if they have failed to do justice to the beauties of the poetry, they have at least entered deeply into the feelings of David in his days of adversity, when “he was desolate, and in misery; when the sorrows of his heart were enlarged.” Psalm xxv. 15, 16. He was indeed a most patient

† See his short but interesting life of himself, prefixed to the folio edition of his works.

Favour me still, and deign to hear  
 Mine humble suit : O wretched wights,  
 How long will ye mine honour dear  
 Turn into shame through your despites ?

Still will ye love what thing is vain,  
 And seek false hopes ? know then at last  
 That God hath chose, and will maintain  
 His favourite, whom ye disgrac'd.

God will regard my instant moan ;  
 Oh ! tremble then, and cease offending,

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sufferer, knowing that “ whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” “ As for this earthly trash,” (says this excellent man, in one of his beautiful tracts,) “ and the vaine delights of the flesh, which we have so fondly doted on ; we cannot carry them indeed away with us, but the sting of the guilty mis-enjoying of them will be sure to stick by us ; and, to our sorrow, attend us both in death and judgment ; in summe therefore, if we would be truly contented, and happy, our hearts can never be enough enlarged in our desires of spiritual and heavenly things, never too much contracted in our desires of earthly.”—*Of Contentation, Sect. 23.*

And on your silent bed alone  
 Talk with your hearts, your ways amending.

Offer the truest sacrifice  
 Of broken hearts; on God besetting  
 Your only trust: the most devise  
 The ways of worldly treasure getting.

But thou, O Lord, lift up to me  
 The light of that sweet look of thine,  
 So shall my soul more gladsome be,  
 Than their's with all their corn, and wine.

So I in peace shall lay me down,  
 And on my bed take quiet sleep,  
 While thou, O Lord, shalt me alone  
 From dangers all securely keep.

BISHOP HALL.

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PSALM V.

Seems to have been composed during the rebellion of Absalom. There is nothing obscure in this beautiful psalm.—GEDDES.

## PSALM VIII.\*

O KING eternal and divine !  
 The world is thine alone ;  
 Above the stars thy glories shine,  
 Above the heav'ns thy throne.

\* CHRISTOPHER Pitt, Rector of Pimperne, Dorsetshire, to whose Muse my reader owes some of the best psalms in this collection, is the well-known translator of the *Æneid*, and of *Vida*. His life has been written by Dr. Johnson, and concludes with the following simple and interesting inscription on his tomb-stone at Blandford :

In Memory of  
 Chr. Pitt, Clerk, M. A.  
 Very eminent  
 for his talents in poetry ;  
 And yet more  
 for the universal candour of  
 his mind, and the primitive  
 simplicity of his manners.  
 He lived innocent,  
 and died beloved,  
 Apr. 13, 1748,  
 Aged 48.

How far extends thy mighty name !  
 Where'er the sun can roll,  
 That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,  
 Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy pow'r,  
 And vindicate thy laws ;  
 The tongue that never spoke before,  
 Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,  
 And view the heav'ns around,  
 Yon stretching waste of azure skies,  
 With stars, and planets crown'd ;

Who in their dance attend the moon,  
 The empress of the night,  
 And pour, around her silver throne,  
 Their tributary light :

Lord ! what is mortal man, that he  
 Thy kind regard should share,  
 What is his son, who claims from thee,  
 And challenges thy care ?

Next to the blest Angelic kind,  
 Thy hands created man,  
 And this inferiour world assign'd,  
 To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey  
His delegated reign,  
The flocks that through the valley stray,  
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,  
And trembles at his pow'r ;  
In fear of his superior might,  
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread  
The paths beneath the sea,  
Their king at awful distance dread,  
And sullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name !  
Where'er the sun can roll,  
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,  
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PITT,

## PSALM X.

THINE is the throne : beneath thy reign,  
 Immortal King ! the tribes profane  
 Behold their dreams of conquest o'er,  
 And vanish to be seen no more.

What eyes, like thine, eternal Sire,  
 Through sin's obscurest depths enquire ?  
 What judge, like thee, on Virtue's foes  
 The needful judgments can impose ?

The meek observer of thy laws  
 To thee commits his injur'd cause,  
 In thee, each anxious fear resign'd,  
 The fatherless a Father find.

Thou, Lord, thy people's wish can'st read,  
 Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed ;  
 'Tis thine their drooping hearts to rear,  
 Bow to their wants th' attentive ear ;

The weeping orphan's cheek to dry,  
 The guiltless suff'rer's cause to try,  
 To rein each earth-born tyrant's will,  
 And bid the sons of pride be still.

MERRICK.

## PSALM XI.\*

THIS psalm seems to have been composed by David, either during his persecution by Saul, or in the time of Absalom's rebellion.—From the latter part of the first verse to the end of the third is contained the advice of David's timid friends. David's reply, in the fourth verse, is abrupt, but beautifully poetical.—GEDDES.

WHY do you prompt my soul to fly,  
Like the poor bird when danger's nigh,  
That leaves its parent nest?

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\* RICHARD Cumberland, esq. whose writings are so well known, and so deservedly admired, published, some years ago, “† A Poetical Version of certain Psalms of David.” My reader will, I doubt not, be so well pleased with the two specimens here given, as to have recourse to the work itself.

† I have rendered into English metre fifty of the Psalms of David, which are printed by Mr. Strange of Tunbridge Wells, and upon which I flatter myself I have not in vain bestowed my best attention.—*Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself, vol. ii. p 274.*

God is my hope, and though my foes  
 Prepare their shafts, and bend their bows,  
 I bear a fearless breast.

Tho' truth and justice be o'erthrown,  
 And earth's foundations inly groan,  
 And all is dark despair;  
 Thou, Lord, descending from above,  
 Shalt cover me with wings of love,  
 And the sad wreck repair.

They, who with faith sincere and pure  
 Adversity's hard lot endure,  
 A glorious prize shall gain;  
 But the oppressors of mankind,  
 Outcast of God, no rest shall find,  
 No period to their pain.

The Lord, in his vindictive ire,  
 With storms and showers of sulphurous fire  
 These monsters shall destroy;  
 Whilst virtue reaps eternal peace,  
 In mansions where all sorrows cease,  
 A heav'n of boundless joy.

CUMBERLAND.

## PSALM XII.

Was composed, I think, during the rebellion of Absalom. There are great beauties in this psalm, which disappear in a dry prosaic theological version. The transitions are as bold as those of Pindar, and more emphatical.—GEDDES.

## PSALM XIII.\*

OFFENDED Majesty ! how long  
 Wilt thou conceal thy face ?  
 How long refuse my fainting soul  
 The succours of thy grace ?

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\* NATHANIEL Cotton was a Physician at St. Albans, where he acquired considerable reputation. Dr. Anderson, in the life prefixed to Cotton's Works, laments that 'Of the family, birth-place, and education of Nathaniel Cotton, there are no written memorials.' He died 1788.—Mr. SOUTHEY's *Specimens of the Later English Poets*, vol. iii.

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,  
 And black despondence reigns,  
 Satan exults at my complaints,  
 And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning spirit, Lord,  
 Dispel the shades of night ;  
 Smile on my poor deserted soul,  
 My God, thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word  
 Deride the pangs I feel,  
 Deem my religion insincere,  
 Or call it useless zeal.

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,  
 I'll ne'er withdraw my trust ;  
 I know thee, Lord, a pow'rful friend,  
 And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt thy goodness would be base  
 Ingratitude in me ;  
 Past favours shall renew my hopes,  
 And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God ! my willing tongue  
 Thy praises shall prolong ;

For oh ! thy bounty fires my breast,  
And rapture swells my song.

COTTON.

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PSALM XV.\*

LORD, who's the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair,  
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,  
But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he, who ev'ry thought and deed  
By rules of virtue moves ;  
Whose gen'rous tongue despairs to speak  
The things his heart disproves :

Who never did a slander forge,  
His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
Or hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round :

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\* THE fifteenth psalm is admirably translated by Mr. Tate : the last verse in particular is beautiful and sublime ; though the classical reader will see that the translator had his eye on the “ *Si fractus illabatur orbis*” of Horace.—Dr. GREGORY.

Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,  
 Can treat with just neglect,  
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,  
 Religiously respect :

Who to his plighted vows and trust  
 Has ever firmly stood ;  
 And tho' he promise to his loss,  
 He makes his promise good :

Whose soul in usury despairs  
 His treasure to employ ;  
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe,  
 The guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this steady course  
 Has happiness insur'd,  
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand  
 By Providence secur'd.

NEW VERSION.

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### PSALM XVI.

The Psalmist beautifully expresseth his sole dependence on Jehovah his God ; his contempt of all

profane divinities; his thankfulness for the good things already received, and his firm hope of future favour and protection.—GEDDES.

FATHER of all! my soul defend;  
 On thee my stedfast hopes depend;  
 “Thou, mightiest Lord, and none beside,  
 “Thou art my God,” my heart has cry’d.

In vain, with grateful zeal I burn  
 Thy boundless goodness to return;  
 In vain, would gifts by me bestow’d  
 Augment the treasures of my God.

Yet shall my love on all descend,  
 Whose souls to thy decrees attend,  
 My heart’s desire to each incline,  
 Whose saint-like virtue marks him thine

Thee, Lord, my patrimony, thee  
 The portion of my cup I see;  
 In all my acts, in each intent,  
 Thee to my soul my thoughts present.

Thee let me bless, the faithful guide,  
 Whose counsels o’er my life preside;

Whose sure defence my gate has barr'd,  
And planted on my right a guard.

Each blessing by thy care secur'd,  
Life's choicest gifts around me pour'd;  
For this my heart, for this my tongue  
Shall meditate the joyful song.

MERRICK.

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PSALM XVII.

This psalm appears to have been composed, when David was persecuted by Saul, and obliged to take refuge in the most inaccessible places. It is entitled a prayer of David.

There are many hard passages in this otherwise beautiful psalm; which it is not easy to render; and which cannot, and ought not to be literally rendered.—GEDDES.

## PSALM XVIII.

Every reader must observe that this psalm is highly metaphorical, and quite in the Oriental exaggerating style. *Deep waters—the billows of death, &c.* express the greatest degree of calamity and distress; but Jehovah, who is a *rock*, a *tower*, a *fortress*, a *shield*, &c. can easily rescue from all such perils. His coming down in a thunder-storm, to save David, and terrify his enemies, is wonderfully well conceived; and the description of the storm itself uncommonly sublime.—Verses 26—28. The attributes in these verses, applied to God, seem harsh, in our refined ideas of the divinity: but in Hebrew they mean nothing more than that God treats mankind according to their deeds and dispositions.—Verse 34. The comparison of his feet to those of hinds, or deer, is peculiarly suitable. When persecuted by Saul, he was often obliged to take refuge on the most inaccessible cliffs of mountains; where both speed and sure-footing were absolutely necessary. The whole psalm is a masterly composition.—GEDDES.

Of all writings, ancient or modern, the sacred Scriptures afford us the highest instances of the

sublime. The descriptions of the Deity in them; are wonderfully noble, both from the grandeur of the object, and the manner of representing it. What an assemblage, for instance, of awful and sublime ideas is presented to us in that passage of the 18th psalm, where the appearance of the Almighty is described! “ In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.” Here we see with what propriety and success the circumstances of darkness and terror are applied for heightening the sublime.

—BLAIR'S LECTURES.

The Deity is described in a thousand passages of Scripture, in greater majesty, pomp, and perfection, than that in which *Homer* arrays *his* gods. The

books of *Psalms* and of *Job* abound in such divine descriptions. That, particularly, in the 18th psalm, verses 7—10, is inimitably grand.

So again psalm lxxvii. 16—19.

“ The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee, and were afraid ; the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water, the air thundered, and thine arrows went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was heard round about ; the lightnings shone upon the ground, the earth was moved and shook withal. Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.”

And in general, wherever there is any description of the works of Omnipotence, or the excellence of the divine Being, the same vein of sublimity is always to be discerned. I beg the reader to peruse in this view the following psalms, 46, 68, 76, 96, 97, 104, 114, 139, 148, as also the 3d chapter of *Habakkuk*, and the description of the Son of God in the book of *Revelations*, chap. xix. verses 11—17.—SMITH’s *LONGINUS*, p. 38, note.

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## PSALM XVIII.

My heart on thee is fix'd, my strength, my power ;  
My steadfast rock, my fortress, my high tower ;  
My God, my safety, and my confidence,  
The horn of my salvation, my defence.

My songs shall thy deserved praise resound ;  
For at my pray'rs thou wilt my foes confound.  
Sorrows of death on every side assail'd,  
And dreadful floods of impious men prevail'd ;  
Sorrows of hell my compass'd soul dismay'd ;  
And, to entrap me, deadly snares were laid.

In this distress I cry'd, and call'd upon  
The Lord, who heard me from his holy throne.  
He trembling earth in his fierce anger struck ;  
Th' unfixed roots of airy mountains shook ;  
Smoke from his nostrils flew ; devouring fire  
Brake from his mouth ; coals kindled by his ire :  
In his descent bow'd heaven with earth did meet,  
And gloomy darkness roll'd beneath his feet ;  
A golden-winged cherubin bestrid,  
And on the swiftly-flying tempest rid.  
He darkness made his secret cabinet,  
Thick fogs, and dropping clouds about him set ;  
The beams of his bright presence these expell,  
Whence show'rs of burning coals, and hail-stones fell.

From troubled skies loud claps of thunder brake;  
In hail, and darting flames, th' Almighty spake;  
Whose arrows my amazed foes subdue,  
And at their scattered troops his lightning threw.  
The ocean could not his deep bottom hide,  
The world's conceal'd foundations were descried.  
At thy rebuke, Jehovah, at the blast  
E'en of the breath which through thy nostrils past.  
He, with extended arms, his servant saves,  
And drew me sinking from th' enraged waves;  
From my proud foes by his assistance freed,  
Who, swoln with hate, no less in strength exceed.  
Without his aid, I, in that stormy day  
Of my affliction, had become their prey;  
Who from those straits of danger by his might  
Enlarg'd my soul, for I was his delight.  
The Lord, according to my innocence,  
And justice, did his saving grace dispense:  
The narrow path, by him prescrib'd, I took;  
Nor, like the wicked, my great God forsook.  
For all his judgments were before mine eyes,  
I with his statutes daily did advise,  
And ever walk'd before him, void of guile;  
No act, or purpose did my soul defile.  
For this he recompens'd my righteousness,  
And crown'd my innocence with fair success.

The merciful shall flourish in thy grace ;  
Thy righteousness the righteous shall embrace :  
Thou to the pure thy purity wilt show,  
And the perverse shall thy averseness know.  
For thou wilt thy afflicted people save,  
The proud cast down, down to the greedy grave.  
Thou, Lord, wilt make my taper to shine bright,  
And clear my darkness with celestial light ;  
Through thee I have against an host prevail'd,  
And by thy aid a lofty bulwark seal'd.  
God's path is perfect, all his words are just ;  
A shield to those that in his promise trust.  
What God is there in heaven or earth but ours !  
What rock but he against assailing powers !  
He breath'd new strength and courage in the day  
Of battle, and securely clear'd my way.  
He makes my feet outstrip the nimble hind,  
Up to the mountains, where I safety find.  
'Tis he that teacheth my weak hands to fight ;  
A bow of steel is broken by their might.  
Thou didst thy ample shield before me set ;  
Thy arm upheld, thy favour made me great :  
The passage of my steps on every side,  
Thou hast enlarged, lest my feet should slide.  
I followed, overtook ; nor made retreat,  
Until victorious in my foes' defeat ;

So charg'd with wounds, that they no longer stood,  
 But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.  
 Thou arm'st me with prevailing fortitude,  
 And all that rose against me hast subdued,  
 Their stubborn necks subjected to my will,  
 That I, their blood, who hate my soul, might spill.  
 They cry'd aloud, but found no succour near,  
 To thee, Jehovah, but thou would'st not hear :  
 I pounded them like dust, which whirl-winds raise,  
 Trod under foot as dirt in beaten ways.  
 From popular fury thou hast set me free,  
 Among the heathen hast exalted me,  
 Whom unknown nations serve ; as soon obey  
 As hear of me, and yield unto my sway :  
 The stranger-born, beset with horror, fled,  
 And in their close retreats betray their dread.  
 O praise the living Lord, the rock whereon  
 I build, the God of my salvation !  
 'Tis he who rights my wrongs ; the people bends  
 To my subjection ; from my foe defends.  
 Thou raisest me above their proud control ;  
 And from the violent man hast freed my soul.  
 The heathen shall admire my thankfulness ;  
 My songs shall thy immortal praise express.  
 A great and manifold deliverance  
 God gives his king ; his mercy doth advance

In his anointed, and will show'r his grace  
 Eternally on David, and his race.

SANDYS.

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PSALM XIX.

THE subject of this psalm is general; and its tenor is readily perceived. A finer argument against atheism was never urged, nor better expressed.—GEDDES.

The other example \*, to which I shall refer you on this occasion, is composed upon quite a different plan; for it declines gradually, from an exordium uncommonly splendid and sublime, to a gentler and more moderate strain, to the softest expressions of piety and devotion. The whole composition abounds with great variety of both sentiment and imagery. You will, from these circumstances, almost conjecture that I am alluding to the nineteenth psalm. The glory of God is demonstrated in his works both of nature and providence. By exhibiting it, however, in an entire state, though in modern verse, you will more readily perceive the order, method, and arrangement of this beautiful composition.—LOWTH, *Lect. 26.*

\* See the Bishop's Note on Psalm 77.

Mr. Addison's paraphrase of a part of this psalm infinitely excels every translation that I have seen, as well in sublimity as elegance; and is indeed, in my opinion, the most beautiful and perfect specimen of sacred poetry extant in English verse.—DR. GREGORY's *Note on the preceding passage.*

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### PART OF PSALM XIX.\*

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim:

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\*Joseph Addison, “† one of the brightest characters to be found in the annals of learning,” was born in the year 1672, and died 1719. From his life (one of the most beautiful of those by our great biographer) I beg leave to lay before my reader the following noble passage. It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause

† Mainwaring.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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of reason and of truth. He has dissipated that prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." No greater felicity can genius attain, than having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having "turned many to righteousness."

JOHNSON's *Lives of the Poets.*

What, though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
 What, though no real voice, nor sound,  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 " The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

PSALM XX.

*People.*

JEHOVAH hear thee in the troublous day,  
 And be the name of Jacob's God thy stay ;  
 Let him support thee from his holy place,  
 And send, from Sion's mount, his aiding grace :  
 Note all thy gifts, and thy burnt-offerings own,  
 In flames ascended, sunk in ashes down.  
 May he with prudent skill thy thought inspire,  
 Fulfil thy mind, and grant thy heart's desire :  
 If he will save, who shall our hosts annoy ?  
 We'll raise our banners with loud-shouting joy ;  
 May thine orisons needful succours bring :  
 Save thou, O Lord, our heaven-anointed king.

*David.*

The Lord will save me, now I surely know,  
 From holy heav'n his gracious ear will bow,  
 His strong right hand shall lay the tyrants low.

*People.*

In chariots they, or foaming steeds, confide,  
 But we have on Jehovah's name rely'd :  
 Vain are their foaming steeds, their chariots all,  
 Plung'd headlong in the sordid dust they fall :  
 But, whilst our foes sink in each routed band,  
 We rise, and in our ranks erected stand.

*All.*

Save us, Jehovah ; heavenly Sovereign, hear,  
 When in thine house we ask thy favouring ear.

WHEATLAND AND SILVESTER.

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PSALM XXIII.

THIS psalm is a happy specimen of Hebrew poetry, and has been elegantly translated into verse, by Addison and others. It must have been composed after all David's first troubles were over ; most probably in the beginning of his reign.—GEDDES.

Although the lyric poetry of the Hebrews is always occupied upon serious subjects, nor ever descends to that levity which is admitted into that of other nations, the character of sweetness is by no means inconsistent with it. The sweetness of the Hebrew ode consists in the gentle and tender passions which it excites; in the gay and florid imagery, and in the chaste and unostentatious diction which it employs. The passions which it generally affects are those of love, tenderness, hope, cheerfulness, and pensive sorrow. In the sixty-third psalm the Royal Prophet, supposed to be then an exile in the wilderness, expresses most elegantly the sentiments of tenderness and love. The voice of grief and complaint is tempered with the consolations of hope in the eightieth psalm: and the ninety-second consists wholly of joy, which is not the less sincere, because it is not excessive. The sweetness of all these, in composition, sentiment, diction, and arrangement, has never been equalled by the finest productions of all the heathen muses and graces united. Though none of the above are deficient in imagery, I must confess I have never met with any image so truly pleasing and delightful as the following description of the Deity in the character of a shepherd:

“ The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want:  
 “ In tender grass he giveth me to lie down;  
 “ He guideth me to streams that gently flow.”

LOWTH, *Leet. 25.*

This psalm, says Michaelis, is deserving of all the commendation which our author (Bishop Lowth) has bestowed upon it. If I am not mistaken, it was composed by David, when he was expelled from the holy city and temple: for in the 6th verse he hopes for a return to the house of God. Since, of all the divine mercies, he particularly commemo- rates this, that, in time of necessity, he wants for nothing, and is even received to a banquet in the sight of his enemies, I conceive it to relate to that time, when, flying from the contest with his disobedient son, he pitched his camp beyond Jordan, and was in danger of seeing his little army perish for want of provision in that uncultivated region, or of being deserted by all his friends. Affairs, however, turned out quite different: for what he could not foresee or hope, the Almighty performed for him. The veteran soldiers flowed in to him from every quarter, and his whole camp was so liberally supported by the good and opulent citizens, that in this very situation he was enabled to collect an army, and risk the event of a battle. See 2 Sam. xvii. 26—29.

He therefore compares himself to a sheep, and the Almighty to a shepherd: a very obvious figure, and which every day occurred to his sight during his stay in those desert parts. The sheep, timid, defenceless, exposed to all the beasts of prey, and possessed of little knowledge or power of foreseeing or avoiding danger, are indebted for life, safety, and every thing to the care of the shepherd. We must remember also, that the exiled king had formerly himself been a shepherd. The recollection, therefore, of his past life breaks in upon his mind. "Jehovah,"\* says he, "is my shepherd, I shall want nothing." It is his province to provide for my existence, and to procure for me those blessings which I am unable to obtain for myself. The tender herb is more grateful to sheep than that which is seeded; in meadows, therefore, covered with the green and tender grass, he supposes Jehovah to cause him to rest under his care. He was expelled to Lebanon, from the tops of which cataracts of melted snow are constantly falling: these are dangerous for sheep to approach, nor is the water sufficiently wholesome. He therefore adds, that he is led to waters gently flowing, where the clear stream

\* This metaphor, says Dr. Geddes, naturally occurred to David, from his first pastoral condition, and is most happily applied.

meanders through the fertile plain. The scene which was before his eyes consisted of rude hills and vallies, deep, gloomy, dark, and horrid, the haunts only of the fiercest animals. There is no safety for the sheep in these vallies but in the care of the shepherd. You are therefore presented with a great variety of contrasted imagery in this psalm; on the one hand, the open pastures, and the flowing rivulets, the recollection of which never fails to delight; and, on the other hand, the cheerless and gloomy vallies, which inspire the reader with fresh horror. Descending from figurative to plain language, he next celebrates the bounty of God in preparing him a banquet in the face of his enemies; and therefore regales himself with the delicious hope, that he shall once more be restored to his sacred temple.—MICHAELIS.

Mr. Tate (in our common version of the Psalms) has been remarkably fortunate in his paraphrase of the first verses of this psalm; so much indeed, that, for simplicity, and a close adherence to the spirit of the original, I cannot help preferring it to the celebrated translation of Mr. Addison:

“ The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 “ Vouchsafes to be my guide;  
 “ The shepherd, by whose constant care  
 “ My wants are all supplied.

“ In tender grass he makes me feed,  
 “ And gently there repose,  
 “ And leads me to cool shades, and where  
 “ Refreshing water flows.”

DR. GREGORY..

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PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant : .  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary, wand'r'ng steps he leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadfu shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

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PSALM XXIII.

O LORD ! amid this desert wide,  
Thou art my shepherd, thou my guide ;  
From day to day, from year to year,  
I shall not want, for thou art near.

Thou hast ten thousand gifts bestow'd,  
And strew'd with flow'rs my mortal road ;  
Through pastures fair, I take my way,  
Or by the peaceful waters stray.

All those who call upon thy name,  
Shall find thy bounty still the same ;

Goodness and mercy shall attend  
The man who makes his God his friend.

And when th' appointed time shall come,  
That I must seek my narrow home,  
Follow where all the prophets led,  
Down to the chambers of the dead :

Close my sad eyes on ev'ry scene,  
Which once my dear delight had been ;  
Forsake the fair abodes of men,  
And dust to dust return again ;

I will not dread, for thou art near,  
Thy smile shall calm each rising fear ;  
Thy rod and staff new joy impart,  
And cheer, with hope, my fainting heart.

Confiding in Jehovah's power,  
I then will meet the trying hour ;  
And hail, with my expiring breath,  
The cold and lonely vale of death.

Our fathers pass'd that gloomy road,  
Awhile, our fathers there abode ;  
None hath in heaven his anchor cast,  
Who hath not Jordan's billows past.

When death shall summon me away,  
 If thou but smile, my night is day ;  
 That dark and dreary vale once trod,  
 And I ascend to thee, my God !

COTTLE.

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PSALM XXIV.

The subject of the following poem is possessed of the highest dignity and splendour, though still no inconsiderable part of the sublimity is to be attributed to its general plan and arrangement. The induction of the ark of God to mount Sion by David, gave occasion to the twenty-fourth psalm \*. The removal of the ark was celebrated in a great assembly of the people, and with suitable splendour during every part of the ceremony. The Levites led the procession, accompanied by a great variety of vocal and instrumental music ; and this ode appears to have been sung to the people, when they arrived at the summit of the mountain. The exordium is expressive of the supreme and infinite dominion of God, arising from the right of creation :

\* See 2 Sam. vi. ; 1 Chron. xv.

“ The earth is Jehovah’s, and the fulness thereof;  
 “ The world, and all that inhabit therein.  
 “ For upon the seas hath he founded it,  
 “ And upon the floods hath he established it.”

How astonishing the favour and condescension ! how extraordinary the testimony of his love, when he selected from his infinite dominion a peculiar seat, and a people for himself ! What a copious return of gratitude, of holiness, of righteousness, and of all human virtues, does such an obligation demand ! “ Behold,” says Moses, addressing the Israelites, “ the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, is Jehovah’s, thy God, the earth also, and all that it containeth. Only he had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and their posterity after them, and he chose you above all people as it is this day \*.” Such is evidently the reasoning of David in the following passage, though the chain of argument is not quite so directly displayed :

“ Who shall ascend unto the mountain of Jehovah ;  
 “ And who shall stand in the seat of his holiness ?  
 “ He whose hands are innocent, and whose heart is pure :

\* Deut. x, 14—16.

" Who hath not put his trust in vanity,  
 " Nor sworn for the purpose of deceit.  
 " He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,  
 " And righteousness from the God of his salvation.  
 " This is the generation that seeketh him ;  
 " That seeketh the face of the God of Jacob."

Thus far is expressive, on the one hand, of the infinite goodness, and condescension of God to the children of Israel ; and, on the other hand, of their indispensable obligation to piety and virtue ; since he had deigned to make their nation the peculiar seat of his miraculous providence, and to honour them with his actual presence. We may now conceive the procession to have arrived at the gates of the tabernacle. While the ark is brought in, the Levites, divided into two choirs, sing alternately the remainder of the psalm. Indeed, it is not impossible that this mode of singing was pursued through every part of the ode ; but towards the conclusion the fact will not admit of a doubt. On the whole, whether we regard the subject, the imagery, or style of this composition, it will be found to possess a certain simple and unaffected (and therefore admirable) sublimity :

" Lift up your heads, O ye gates !  
 " And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors !

“ And the king of glory shall enter.  
 “ Who is this king of glory ?  
 “ Jehovah mighty and powerful,  
 “ Jehovah powerful in war.  
 “ Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;  
 “ And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors !  
 “ And the king of glory shall enter.  
 “ Who is this king of glory ?  
 “ Jehovah of hosts, he is the king of glory .”

You will easily perceive, that the beauty and sublimity observable in this psalm are of such a peculiar kind as to be perfectly adapted to the subject and the occasion, and to that particular solemnity for which it was composed. You will perceive too, that unless we have some respect to these points, the principal force and elegance will be lost ; and even the propriety of the sentiments, the splendour of the diction, the beauty and order of the arrangement, will be almost totally obscured. If such be the state of the case in this single instance, it is surely not unreasonable to conclude, that it is not the only one which stands in need of the light of history to cast a splendour on its beauties. It is surely not unreasonable to infer, that much of the harmony, propriety, and elegance of the sacred poetry must pass unperceived by us,

who can only form distant conjectures of the general design, but are totally ignorant of the particular application \*. Thus, of necessity, much of the delicacy of sentiment, much of the felicity of allusion, and the force of expression, must, by the hand of time, be cast into shade; or rather, I should say, totally suppressed and extinguished. The attentive reader will, indeed, frequently feel a want of information, concerning the author, the age, and the occasion of a poem; still more frequently will he find occasion to lament his own ignorance with respect to many facts and circumstances closely connected with the principal subject, and on which, perhaps, its most striking ornaments depend.—LOWTH, *Lect. 27.*

The sudden change of persons, when, by the vehemence of passion, the author is led, as it were

\* I wish most earnestly, says Michaelis, that this observation of our author might be properly attended to by the commentators upon the psalms: since whoever neglects it must of necessity fall into very gross errors . . . . Those who will not allow themselves to be ignorant of a great part of the Jewish history, will be apt to explain more of the psalms upon the same principle, and as relating to the same facts, than they ought: whence the poetry will appear tame and languid, abounding in words, but with little variety of description, or sentiment.

insensibly, from the narration of an event to the imitation on acting of it, is frequent in the Hebrew poetry; but sometimes the genuine dramatic, or dialogue form, is quite apparent, and the passage will admit of no other explanation. The twenty-fourth psalm is evidently of this kind, relating (as I endeavoured in my twenty-seventh lecture to prove) to the transferring of the ark to Mount Sion; and the whole of the transaction is exhibited in a theatrical manner, though the dialogue is not fully obvious till towards the conclusion of the poem —LOWTH, *Lect. 30.*

Amongst the various and beautiful instances of an *assemblage* of figures, which may be produced, and which so frequently occur in the best writings, one, I believe, has hitherto not been taken notice of; I mean the four last verses of the twenty-fourth psalm.

“ Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall come in. Who is the king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battles. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall come in. Who is the king of glory? The Lord of hosts: he is the king of glory.”

There are innumerable instances of this kind in

the poetical parts of Scripture, particularly in the *Song of Deborah* (Judges ch. v.) and the *Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan*, (2 Samuel chap. 1.) There is scarce one thought in them, which is not figured; nor one figure, which is not beautiful.—SMITH's *Longinus*, p. 97, note.

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## PSALM XXIV.

Far as the world can stretch its bounds,  
 The Lord is king of all ;  
 His wondrous pow'r extends around  
 The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps  
 Its dark foundations cast,  
 And rear'd the pillars of the earth  
 Amid the wat'ry waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,  
 And see Jehovah there ?  
 Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe  
 The sacrifice of pray'r ?

He only, whose unsullied soul,  
 Fair virtue's paths has trod,

Who with clean hands and heart regards  
His neighbour, and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord  
Diffusive bounties shed,  
From God his Saviour shall descend  
All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways,  
Is this the chosen race,  
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,  
And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,  
With hasty rev'rence rise,  
Ye everlasting doors, who guard  
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,  
Your barriers roll away,  
Now throw your blazing portals wide,  
And burst the gates of day.

For see ! the King of glory comes  
Along th' ethereal road,  
The Cherubs through your folds shall bear  
The triumphs of their God.

Who is the great and glorious king?

Oh! 'tis the Lord whose might  
Decides the conquest, and suspends  
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,  
With hasty rev'rence rise,  
Ye everlasting doors, who guard  
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,  
Your barriers roll away,  
Now throw your blazing portals wide,  
And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of glory comes  
Along th' ethereal road,  
The Cherubs through your folds shall bear  
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?  
Oh! 'tis the God, whose care  
Leads on his Israel to the field,  
Whose power controls the war.

PITT.

## PSALM XXV.

## THE FORMER PART.

I lift my heart to thee,  
 My God, my guide most just :  
 Let not the soul be brought to shame,  
 In thee that puts its trust.

Let not my foes rejoice,  
 And shouts of triumph raise,  
 Nor let on those their malice fall,  
 Who tread thy righteous ways.

O lead me in thy truth,  
 Instruct me in thy law ;  
 Thou God of my salvation, still  
 To thee my footsteps draw.

Thy former favour, Lord,  
 In kind remembrance hold ;  
 And in thy arms of heav'nly love  
 Thy faithful servant fold.

MASON \*.

*Altered from the Old Version.*

\* This distinguished poet published some psalms, for the

## PSALM XXIX.

THIS psalm contains a beautiful description of an eastern thunder-storm. By Grotius it is thought to have been composed after the defeat of the Syrians. 2 Sam. viii. 5.—GEDDES.

Most of those qualities and perfections, which constitute sublimity, and which have been the subject of this disquisition, will be found in a very high degree in the twenty-ninth psalm. The supreme dominion of God, and the awfulness of his power, are demonstrated from the tremendous noise, and the astonishing force of the thunder, which the Hebrews, by a bold but very apt figure, denominate “the voice of the Most High.” It is enough to say of it, that the sublimity of the matter is perfectly equalled by the unaffected energy of the style.—LOWTH.

## PSALM XXIX.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,  
And pay due honours to your awful king,  
use of his own parish, altered with considerable taste, from  
the Old Version. I have given four from his selection.

His boundless pow'r to all the world proclaim,  
 Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.  
 For hark ! his voice, with unresisted sway,  
 Rules and controls the raging of the sea ;  
 Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,  
 And in their wat'ry cavern awes the deeps :  
 Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around  
 Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.  
 The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,  
 And Lebanon is left without a shade.  
 See ! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,  
 And fly for shelter from the thund'ring God :  
 Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,  
 And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.  
 His voice, his mighty voice divides the fire,  
 Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.  
 E'en Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,  
 With all his savages the desert shakes :  
 At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,  
 And in the lonely forest drop their young :  
 While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim  
 His glorious honours, and adore his name.  
 High o'er the foaming surges of the sea  
 He sits, and bids the list'ning deeps obey ;  
 He reigns o'er all ; for ever lasts his pow'r,  
 Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.  
 With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,  
 And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

## PSALM XXX.

O Lord, I thee will magnify,  
 For thou hast lifted me on high ;  
 Nor madest me a scorn to those,  
 Who were my life's professed foes.  
 O Lord my God, I cry'd to thee,  
 Who hast in mercy healed me ;  
 My soul thou broughtest from the grave,  
 And from the pit of hell didst save.

O all ye saints, your voices raise,  
 To sing your Maker's endless praise ;  
 Remember still with thanks to bless,  
 And magnify his holiness :  
 For but a moment lasts his wrath,  
 His favour life restored hath,  
 Our weeping may endure a night,  
 But joy comes with the morning light.

In my prosperity I said,  
 My basis is for ever laid,  
 I shall not from my place remove,  
 But stand supported by thy love :  
 No change of times, or fortune's hate,  
 Can overthrow my happy state,

For thou my mountain mad'st so strong,  
I shall on earth continue long.

Yet, whilst exalted in my thought,  
I was to sudden trouble brought,  
And, soon as thou didst hide thy face,  
My comforts vanish'd hence apace.  
Then unto thee, O Lord, did I  
With humble supplication cry ;  
I did to God my plaint address,  
Thus pouring forth my heaviness :

O Thou most glorious, most good,  
What profit is there in my blood ?  
What triumph canst thou gain by it,  
When I go down into the pit ?  
Shall silent dust, or darkness have  
A tongue to praise thee in the grave ?  
Or those in earth who closed are,  
From their low cells thy truth declare ?

O Lord, thine ear of mercy lend,  
And, from thy dwelling, succour send,  
For thou, the cause for which I mourn'd  
Hast into songs and dances turn'd ;  
My sackcloth thou didst off me take,  
And cheerful robes of gladness make,

That I thy praises might renew,  
To whom incessant thanks are due.

BISHOP KING.

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PSALM XXXIV.

THE LORD I will for ever bless,  
My tongue his praises shall express,  
My soul his glory boasts :  
The humble, who shall this descry,  
His name with me shall magnify,  
And praise the Lord of hosts.

I found the Lord, this stopp'd my fears ;  
To them, who seek him, light appears,  
Nor shame their eyes dejects :  
Succour divine th' afflicted craves,  
Which him from his affliction saves ;  
God's angel him protects.

His blessings we shall see and taste,  
When on our God our trust is plac'd :  
Ye saints obey his will ;  
Then fear no want, though lions roar  
For hunger, those who God implore,  
His lib'ral hand shall fill.

Come, children, with attention hear,  
I will instruct you in his fear :

What man delights in life ?  
Seeks to live happily and long ?  
From evil let him guard his tongue,  
His lips from fraud, and strife :

Grow up in what is good, and cease  
From what is ill, inquire for peace.

God's eyes are on the just,  
Their cries his open ear attends ;  
But on th' unjust his wrath descends,  
Their name 's reduc'd to dust.

The righteous, when they cry, he hears,  
Delivers them from all their fears,

And from distress relieves :  
A broken heart to him is dear,  
To contrite spirits he is near,  
And his salvation gives.

Though with afflictions wounded deep,  
Their bones from breaking he will keep ;

Death on his foes shall wait :  
But he his servants' souls redeems,  
Those, whom for faithful he esteems,  
Shall ne'er be desolate.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

## PSALM XXXVII.

Every one knows the energy with which the Scriptures make the impious man to vanish, who a moment before seemed, like the cedar, to raise his proud head to the skies. “I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree: yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.” He is so completely annihilated, that the very place, where he stood, was destroyed. M. Racine has translated this passage as follows:

J'ai vu l'impie adoré sur la terre,  
 Pareil un cédre, il cachoit dans les cieux  
 Son front audacieux;  
 Il sembloit à son gré gouverner le tonnère,  
 Fouloit aux pieds ses ennemis vaincus,  
 Je n'ai fait que passer, il n'étoit déjà plus.

ESTHER.

## PSALM XLI.

## THE FORMER PART.

BLEST is the man, who yields his store  
 With kind compassion to the poor;

In time of danger and of dread,  
 The Lord himself will bring him aid :  
 With length of days shall he be crown'd,  
 For he a Friend in heav'n has found.

Nor will that heav'nly Friend forego  
 His help, or yield him to his foe.  
 If age brings on disease, and pain,  
 He will not at his doom complain ;  
 And ev'n if death approaches near,  
 Will meet his fate without a fear.

For God with hope shall raise his head,  
 Shall smooth with faith his dying-bed ;  
 His deeds of charity shall find  
 Acceptance in his Maker's mind,  
 Who soon shall make his anguish cease,  
 And bid his soul depart in peace.

MASON.

*Altered from the Old Version.*

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PSALM XLII.

THIS poem seems to have been composed by David, when he was expelled his kingdom by his rebellious son, and compelled to fly to the borders

of Lebanon, as it is plain he did, from 2 Sam. xvii. 24, 26, 27. Undoubtedly, whoever composed this psalm, was expelled from the sacred city, and wandered as an exile in the regions of Hermon, and the heights of Lebanon, whence Jordan is fed by the melting of the perpetual snow, ver. 7. Let it be remembered, by the way, that David never betook himself to these places when he fled from Saul, but concealed himself in the interior parts of Judea. Here then he pitched his camp, protected by the surrounding mountains and woods; and hither the veteran soldiers, attached personally to him, and averse to change, resorted from every part of Palestine. Here also, indulging his melancholy, the prospect and the objects about him, suggested many of the ideas in this poem. Observing the deer which constantly came from the distant vallies to the fountains of Lebanon, and comparing this circumstance with his earnest desire to revisit the temple of God, and perhaps elevating his thoughts to a higher, celestial temple, he commences his poem:

“ As the hart panteth after the water brooks,  
“ So panteth my soul after thee, O God.  
“ My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God;  
“ When shall I enter, and appear before God?”

That is, *enter into the temple*, from which I am now an exile. He adds a bitterer cause of grief than his exile, namely, the reproaches of the multitude, and the cruel taunt, that he is *deserted of his God*, and that the Deity, of whom he had boasted, fails to appear to his assistance, than which nothing can be more grating to an honest mind, and a mind conscious of its own piety. Compare 2 Sam. xvi. 7, 8.

“ My tears have been my sustenance,  
 “ By day and by night,  
 “ While they continually say unto me,  
 “ Where is now thy God ? ”

The repetition of the name of God raises in him fresh uneasiness, and causes all his wounds to bleed again ; this forces him to exclaim :

“ I remember God, and pour out myself in tears :  
 “ When I went with the multitude to the temple of  
     God,  
 “ With the voice of joy and gladness, with the mul-  
     titude leaping for joy.”

He now restrains his tears :

“ Why art thou so cast down, O my soul ?  
 “ And why art thou so disquieted within me ?  
 “ Hope thou in God, for I still shall praise him.”

He again breaks forth into lamentations, with which he elegantly intermingles a poetical description of Lebanon. There are upon those hills frequent cataracts, and, in the spring season, the rivulets are uncommonly turbid by the melting of the snow :

“ Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy cataracts ;  
“ And all thy waves and thy billows are gone over  
me. \* ”

These form the principal imagery of the poem, and I omit the rest, lest I should fatigue the reader by the minuteness of criticism, which is both useless and impertinent, when the subject wants no illustration.—MICHAELIS.

In religious composition, pathetic energy peculiarly abounds. The following passage immediately occurs, in which I have always been struck with the repetitions, as characteristic of the royal author’s situation.

“ My tears have been my meat day and night,  
“ while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy

\* Horne, Harmer, and Merrick, understand this passage of *water-spouts*, “ more frequent on the Syrian and Jewish coasts than in any other part of the Mediterranean,” and consider David as here describing a storm at sea.

“ God? Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my  
 “ soul; and why art thou so disquieted within  
 “ me?” And afterwards—“ My heart is smitten  
 “ asunder as with a sword, while mine enemies,  
 “ that trouble me, cast me in the teeth; namely,  
 “ while they say unto me, Where is now thy God?  
 “ Why art thou so vexed, O my soul, and why art  
 “ thou so disquieted within me? Put thy trust in  
 “ God; for I will yet praise him, who is the help of  
 “ my countenance, and my God.”—Psalm xlii.  
 “ The whole is an appeal to the heart.—GREEN’s  
*Observations on the Sublime of Longinus.*

THE forty-second psalm (says bishop Lowth) I cannot help esteeming one of the most beautiful specimens of the Hebrew Elegy. The author of this complaint, exiled from the temple, and from the public exercise of his religion, to the extreme parts of Judea, persecuted by his numerous enemies, and agitated by their reproaches, pours forth his soul to God in this tender and pathetic composition. The ardent feelings of a devout heart are admirably expressed, while the memory of former felicity seems to aggravate his present anguish. The extreme anxiety of a mind, depressed by the burthen of sorrow, and yet at the same time impatient under it; overcome by an accumulation of evils, yet in some degree endeavouring to resist them,

and admitting, through the dark cloud of affliction, a glimmering ray of hope and consolation, is finely depicted. In frequent and almost instantaneous transitions he glows with love, and droops with lamentation; he complains, he expostulates; he despairs, and yet hopes; he is afflicted, and again consoled. It is not to be expected that any poetical version should express these sentiments with the force, the energy, and more particularly with the conciseness of the Hebrew, which is indeed not to be imitated in any other language: though it must be confessed, that this poem is more diffuse than the Hebrew poetry in general. The following paraphrase, however, though infinitely short of the original in sublimity, will perhaps serve to evince the correspondence of the subject and sentiments of this poem, with the elegiac productions of modern times.

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### PSALM XLII.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,  
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase;  
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings!  
So thirsts to reach thy sacred resting-place.

On briny tears my famish'd soul has fed \*,  
 While taunting foes deride my deep despair;  
 " Say, where is now thy great deliverer fled?  
 " Thy mighty God—deserted wanderer, where?"

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice-happy days,  
 When to thy fane I led the jocund throng;  
 Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,  
 And festal joys still clos'd with sacred song.

Why throb, my heart? why sink my sad'ning soul?  
 Why droop to earth with various woes oppress'd?  
 My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,  
 And joy be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray  
 O'er Hermon's rugged rocks, and deserts drear;  
 Ev'n there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,  
 There, thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,  
 Harsh-sounding cataracts responsive roar;  
 Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,  
 And dash my shatter'd bark from shore to shore.

\* *Cura, dolorque animi, lacrymæque alimenta fuere.*

Yet thy soft mercies, ever in my sight,  
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day ;  
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
 To thee I'll fondly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope ! great solace of my heart !  
 Why, why desert the offspring of thy care,  
 While taunting foes thus point th' invidious dart,  
 " Where's now thy God ! abandon'd wanderer,  
 " where ? "

Why faint, my soul ? why doubt JEHOVAH's aid ?  
 Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove !  
 In his bright fane thy thanks shall yet be paid,  
 Unquestion'd be his pity and his love !

GREGORY'S LOWTH.

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### PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce desire the hunted hart  
 Explores the cooling stream ;  
 Mine is a passion stronger far,  
 And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with superior fervors, Lord,  
 I thirst to see thy face ;  
 My languid soul would fain approach  
 The fountains of thy grace.

Oh ! the great plenty of thy house,  
 The rich refreshments there !  
 To live an exile from thy courts  
 O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,  
 How sweetly pass'd my days !  
 Pray'r my divine employment then,  
 And all my pleasure, praise.

But now I'm lost to ev'ry joy,  
 Because detain'd from thee ;  
 Those golden periods ne'er return,  
 Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul, why thus deprest,  
 And whence this anxious fear ?  
 Let former favours fix thy trust,  
 And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
 And press'd on ev'ry side,

Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,  
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,  
He'll reinstate my peace;  
For he, who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night  
I'll count his mercies o'er;  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,  
And whence this anxious fear?  
Let former favours fix thy trust,  
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at his rod;  
He's more than all the world to me,  
My health, my life, my God!

## PSALM XLVI.

IT is impossible not to perceive the cool and critical sobriety every where manifested in the structure of this psalm. Had the author been initiated in those approved rules of composition which we so much respect, he could not have confined himself more rigorously to his subject, nor have written with stricter unity of design.—  
HURDIS.

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## PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge, our defence  
Rests wholly on his providence ;  
Which still affords a present aid,  
When greatest troubles us invade :  
Therefore we shall not need to fear,  
Though the fix'd earth removed were,  
Or though the hills, and mountains steep  
Lay buried in the angry deep.

Although the roaring waters make  
The mountains with their swelling shake ;

Yet calmer rivers do embrace  
 God's city, his fair dwelling place:  
 Whose tabernacles, by his love,  
 Are kept that they can never move  
 For he, when dangers her distress,  
 His early succour shall address.

The nations rage ; the kingdoms are  
 Disturb'd with strife, and threats of war.  
 But he the tempest can allay,  
 And cause the earth to melt away :  
 The Lord of hosts doth us direct,  
 Great Jacob's God doth us protect ;  
 Come see, on those our mischiefs wrought,  
 What desolations he hath brought.

He maketh strife, and wars to cease,  
 And crowns the bleeding earth with peace ;  
 He breaks the bow, and cracks the spear,  
 In fire the chariots burned were.  
 Lo ! this is God, whose awful sway  
 Both earth, and heaven must obey :  
 The Lord of hosts doth us direct ;  
 Great Jacob's God doth us protect.

BISHOP KING.

## PSALM XLIX.

WHEN, or by whom, this beautiful and philosophical psalm was composed, it is totally uncertain. I should be apt to give it to Solomon, or at least to the author of Ecclesiastes.—GEDDES.

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## PSALM XLIX.

YE nations, hear: ye sons of earth,  
Of highest, or obscurest birth;  
Ye, who from wealth's full board are fed,  
And ye, who eat with toil your bread;

My words with just attention weigh,  
And listen to the hallow'd lay;  
My lips shall Wisdom's lessons yield,  
My heart, with noblest science fill'd.

Cease, mortals, cease your pride; nor dream  
That riches shall from death redeem,  
Or from the all-disposing hand  
A brother's forfeit life demand.

But, taught the soul's just price to know,  
 At once the frantic thought forego ;  
 In vain would friendship's zeal essay  
 The full equivalent to pay ;

In vain the flitting breath to save,  
 And plead exemption from the grave,  
 Though envy'd *Ophir's* wealthiest mine  
 Its treasures to the purchase join.

MERRICK.

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PSALM L.

THE inutility of ceremonious observances, without the true worship of the heart: applicable to too many Christians, as well as Jews. Compare Isa. i. 11. Jerem. vii. 22. Hos. vi. 6.—GEDDES.

The fiftieth Psalm affords an example of that degree of sublimity, which the mere form and disposition of a lyric poem can impart to a subject not in itself sublime; for its subject is of the didactic kind, and belongs to the moral part of theology. It is at first serious and practical, with very little of sublimity or splendour: it sets forth, that the Divine favour is not to be conciliated by sacrifices,

or by any of the external rites and services of religion, but rather by sincere piety, and by the devout effusions of a grateful heart: and yet, that even these will not be accepted without the strictest attention to justice, and every practical virtue. It consists therefore of two parts: in the first the devout, but ignorant and superstitious worshipper is reproved; and in the second the hypocritical pretender to virtue and religion. Each part of the subject, if we regard the imagery and the diction only, is treated rather with variety and elegance, than with sublimity; but if the general effect, if the plot and machinery of the whole be considered, scarcely any thing can appear more truly magnificent. The great Author of nature, by a solemn decree, convokes the whole human race, to be witness of the judgment, which he is about to execute upon his people; the august tribunal is established in Sion:

“ Jehovah, God of gods,  
“ Hath spoken, and hath summoned the earth,  
“ From the rising to the setting of the sun :  
“ From Sion, from the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.”

The majesty of God is depicted by imagery as-

sumed from the descent upon mount Sinai, which, as I formerly observed, is one of the common-places, that supply ornaments of this kind :

“ Our God shall come, and shall not be silent ;  
 “ A fire shall devour before him,  
 “ And a mighty whirlwind shall surround him.”

The heavens and the earth are invoked as witnesses, which is a pompous form of expression common with the Hebrew writers\* :

“ He shall call the heavens from on high ;  
 “ And the earth to the judgment of his people.”

At length the Almighty is personally introduced pronouncing his sentence, which constitutes the remainder of the ode ; and the admirable sublimity and splendour of the exordium is continued through the whole. There is in Horace an ode upon a similar subject†, and it is not enough to say, that he has treated it in his usual manner, with elegance and variety, for he has done more than could be expected from a person unenlightened by divine

\* Compare Deut. xxxii. i. Isa. i. 2.

† See Horat. lib. iii. Od. 23.

truth, he has treated it with piety and solemnity. But that high degree of sublimity, to which the Psalmist rises upon such occasions, is only to be attained by the Hebrew muse; for it is a truth universally acknowledged, that no religion whatever, no poetic history is provided with a store of imagery so striking and so magnificent, so capable of embellishing a scene, which may be justly accounted the most sublime that the human imagination is able to comprehend.—LOWTH, *Lect. 27.*

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### PSALM L.

Th' uplifted eye, and bended knee  
 Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;  
 In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
 The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal  
 The breaches of thy precept heal?  
 Or fast, and penance reconcile  
 Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
 Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,

'To thee a nobler off'ring yields  
Than *Sheba's* groves, or *Sharon's* fields;

Than floods of oil, or floods of wine  
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine,  
Or than if, to thine altar led,  
A first-born son the victim bled.

“ Be just and kind,” that great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand :  
This did thine ancient prophets teach,  
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

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### PSALM LI.

No one can read this psalm, but must see all the characters of true repentance in the person who wrote it, and the marks of the deepest sorrow and humiliation for the sins of which he had been guilty. The heart appears in every line, and the bitter anguish of a wounded conscience discovers itself by the most natural and affecting symptoms.—If we learn from this sad example of what the Scripture calls *the deceitfulness of sin*, to be cautious of the first beginnings of it, and not to indulge those

sensual appetites, which, when given way to, draw men insensibly into crimes, they would have once trembled at the thoughts of committing, we shall make the best and wisest improvement of this melancholy part of David's history, and be real gainers by his sins and sorrows.

—felix, quicunque dolore  
Alterius disces posse carere tuo.

*Tibul. Lib. iii. El. 6.*

*Chandler's Life of David, vol. ii. 267.*

The soul of shame, of sorrow, of remorse, of sincere repentance, and bitter anguish under the agonies of guilt, breathes strong and fervent, through every line of this hallowed composition. And it is (I doubt not) David's greatest consolation at this moment, when he blesses God for the providential effects of his fall, that those crimes, which wrought his shame, and sorrow, and infamy, have in the humility, the piety, the contrition of them (in this and several other psalms composed upon the same occasion) rescued and reformed millions.

*Delany's Life of David, vol. ii. 97.*

## PSALM LI.\*

MERCY, LORD, I calle and crye,  
 Thi mercy is redy in every place,  
 Thowg I have lyved full synfullye,  
 I putte me fully in thi grace.  
 There is no synne before thi face  
 So grete as mercy and pyte,  
 To synfull man thou were neve scace  
 Of *ne reminiscaris Domine.*

To me thi mercy multiplye,  
 And lese nogt that thou hast bowgt,  
 Putte awey, Lord, gracyouslye  
 My wicked werkys that I have wrowgt :

\* Thomas Brampton, 1414. I have selected the 51st psalm of this early translator from a beautiful vellum MS. of the seven penitential psalms rendered by him, and preserved in the British Museum. It has, I think, considerable merit as a composition, whilst its antiquity renders it so venerable, as to make me depart from my rule of printing specimens of our earlier poets in modern orthography, and give it *verbatim et literatim*.

Thowg I thi mercy deserve nowgt,  
 Gyt it is thi propirte  
 To spare them that mekely sowgt  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Wassche me, Lord, ferthermore  
 Fro synne that grevyth me ful ille,  
 That there leve no prevy sore,  
 Ne circumstaunce that longyth ther tylle ;  
 Make me clene fro woord and wylle,  
 And kepe me for thyn honeste.  
 Therefore I presente the this bylle,  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

I am aknowe my synfull lyif,  
 That I have led fro tendyr age,  
 But gyf thi mercy to me were ryif,  
 To peyne schulde be my pilgrymage ;  
 Myn owen dedys that ben outrage,  
 Before thi syght accusyn me,  
 But to thi mercy I do homage,  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

I have synned to the alone ;  
 And forfeityd ofte before thi sygt,  
 Gyt I will leve my synnes ilk one,  
 Grace and mercy thou hast behygt,

Schewe, Lord, how they do unryght,  
 That seyn thou wylt nogt vewe on me,  
 Whanne I crye bothe day and nyght  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Of my modyr I was conceyved  
 In synne, and so was every chylde,  
 After that Adam was dysceyved,  
 Saaf Cryist alone and Marie mylde,  
 The feend ther to hath maad ful wylde  
 My flesch, my soule with inne me,  
 But gyf I kume the bettyr bylde  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Gyf I my synne will nogt excuse  
 But telle it trewly as it is,  
 I truste thou will nogt me refuse,  
 Thowg I do ofte tyme amys.  
 Thanne thi wisdom will me wis  
 To knowe so weel thi pryyte,  
 That I schal nogt fayle of thys  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Sprenkle me, Lord, with watyr of terys,  
 That myn herte be purgyd clene,  
 Wylle me fro my wylde gerys,  
 And wassche my synne awey be dene,

As snow that fallyth in fyldes grene  
 Is whyght and brygt so schal I be,  
 Thanne schal the werkynge be ful sene.  
*Of ne reminiscaris Domine.*

My synne gyf I nogt defonde,  
 But aske mercy with sorwefull chere,  
 And my lyif mekely amende,  
 God will my loove gladly here ;  
 He will nogt lese that is bowgt dere.  
 Wyth bytter deth up on a tre  
 As longe as we wyll lowely bere  
*Seye, ne reminiscaris Domine.*

My wicked werkys thou putte awey,  
 And fro my synnes turne thi face,  
 Sorwe and syghyng is my pley,  
 Wher evere I be in ony place ;  
 I am noght worthy to have thi grace,  
 And rygtwysnesse I may nogt fle,  
 But, myghtfull Lord, be nogt scace  
*Of ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Myn herte hath be dyffoyled with synne,  
 My spirit was to the untrewe,  
 Clense me, Lord, therfore with inne,  
 A ryghtful spiryte in me renewe,

That I may evere synne esschewe  
 And gyf I forfeate of frealte  
 To thi mercy I will pursewe  
 With *ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Fro thi face caste thou me nougt,  
 Thowg I be untrewe and unkynde,  
 Gyf I trespace in dede or thougt  
 Lete nogt thi mercy be behynde,  
 Of my frealnesse, gode Lord, have mynde  
 Thyn holy spirite take nogt fro me,  
 And gyf thou do, how shall I fynde  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Fadyr that art of myghtes most,  
 Graunt me gladnesse of soulys hele,  
 Conferme me with the holy gost,  
 And lete me nevere with feendys dele;  
 Forsake me not in wo, ne in wele,  
 For evere I have nede to the,  
 And gyf thou do I will apele  
*To ne reminiscaris Domine.*

The weyis that ben to God in hye,  
 Ful gladly I schal telle and teche;  
 Wher evere I be in cumpayne,  
 Of the only schal be my speche,

To turne synfull men fro wreche,  
**E**nsaumple they may take of me,  
 For I cowde nevere fynde othyr leche  
*But ne reminiscaris Domine.*

I may nogt overcome the feende,  
 His malyce I kan nogt fully felle,  
 He steryth my flesh me to schende,  
 It waxith sturdy and rebelle,  
 Of helthe and hele thou art the welle,  
 Fro fleschly lust thou delyvere me,  
 That rygftfully my tunge may telle  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

My mouthe schal preyse the day and nygt,  
 My lyppes to the schull opyn wyde,  
 The to serve myn herte is hygt,  
 Evere more with the I will abyde,  
 Gyf I my trespace will nogt hyde ;  
 But lowely aske mercy of the,  
 I crye to the in ilke atyde  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

Of beeste that is unresonable  
 Thou desirest no sacryfyse,  
 That mannys lyvynge be convenable,  
 And redy unto thi servyse ;

That is all thi coveytyse ;  
 That I love God as he doth me  
 I may no bettyr offryng devyse  
 Than *ne reminiscaris Domine*.

Gyf thou wilt offere to God of hevene  
 A spyrit of girt repentaunce,  
 Thowg thou be gylty of synnes sevene,  
 A sorwefull herte is Goddy's plesaunce,  
 Syn thou wylt nogt thi self avaunce,  
 God wylt nogt dispysen the,  
 Whil thou wylt make good ordynaunce  
 Of *ne reminiscaris Domine*.

My soule that often hath be distryed  
 Graunte me thi wylt to bygge ageyn,  
 Thi goodnesse was nevere gyt denyed,  
 There hath no man matere to pleyn,  
 All that was, or ever schal be ;  
 And ellys my speche were all in veyne  
 Of, *ne reminiscaris Domine*.

Offryng, and schedyng of beestys blood  
 Were made in awterys, in figure  
 Of Chryist that deyid up on the rood,  
 To raunsom synfull creature ;

Whan I do ony forfeiture,  
 A contrite herte I offere to the ;  
 Accepte this, Lord, for rygt rekure  
*Ne reminiscaris Domine.*

BRAMPTON. MS.

## PSALM LI\*.

O LORD, whose grace no limits comprehend,  
 Sweet Lord, whose mercies stand from measure  
 free ;  
 To me that grace, to me that mercy send,  
 And wipe, O Lord, my sins from sinful me ;  
 O cleanse, O wash my foul iniquity ;  
 Cleanse still my spots, still wash away my stainings,  
 Till stains and spots in me leave no remainings.

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\* MARY, Countess of PEMBROKE, sister to Sir Philip Sidney, and immortalized by Ben Jonson's beautiful epitaph,

“ Underneath this stone doth lie,” &c.

was eminently distinguished as the patroness of learned men, and was herself remarkable for her

For I, alas, acknowledging, do know  
 My filthy fault, my faulty filthiness,  
 To my soul's eye incessantly doth show ;  
 Which done to thee, to thee I do confess,  
 Just Judge, true witness ; that for righteousness  
 Thy doom may pass, against my guilt awarded,  
 Thy evidence for truth may be regarded.

---

learning, and her love of poetry ; she translated many of the psalms, still preserved in MS. in the family library at Wilton : from the six, or seven, published in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, I have made choice of the 51st, which is distinguished by simplicity, and does credit to her feelings.

The accounts of this translation are somewhat contradictory ; Ballard \* gives it to our noble authoress, whilst Wood ascribes it to her gallant and accomplished brother ; it is probable that they translated together, and it is known that they were assisted by Dr. Babington, at that time chaplain to the family, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester. The 137th psalm my reader will recollect having met with in the *Guardian* ; it is there ascribed to Sir Philip Sidney.

\* *Memoirs of Learned Ladies.*

My mother, lo ! when I began to be,  
 Conceiving me, with me did sin conceive ;  
 And, as with living heat she cherish'd me,  
 Corruption did like cherishing receive ;  
 But lo, thy love to purest good doth cleave,  
 And inward truth, which, hardly else discerned,  
 My truant soul in thy hid school hath learned.

Then (as thyself to lepers hast assign'd)  
 With hyssop, Lord, with hyssop purge me so,  
 And that shall cleanse the leapry of my mind ;  
 Make over me thy mercy's streams to flow,  
 So shall my whiteness scorn the whitest snow ;  
 To ear and heartsend sounds and thoughts of gladness,  
 That bruised bones may leave away their sadness.

Thy ill-pleas'd eye from my misdeeds avert ;  
 Cancel the registers my sins contain ;  
 Create in me a clean, pure, spotless heart ;  
 Inspire a spirit where love of right may reign,  
 And cast me not from thee ; take not again  
 Thy breathing grace ; again thy comfort send me,  
 And let the guard of thy free Spirit attend me.

So I to them a guiding hand will be,  
 Whose faulty feet have wandered from thy way,  
 And, turn'd from sin, will make return to thee,

Whom, turn'd from thee, sin erst had turn'd astray.  
 O God, God of my health, O do away  
 My loody crime; so shall my tongue be raised  
 To praise thy truth, enough cannot be praised.

Unlock my lips, shut up with sinful shame,  
 Then shall my mouth, O Lord, thy honour sing;  
 For bleeding fuel for thy altars flame,  
 To gain thy grace what boots it me to bring?  
 Burnt offerings are to thee no pleasant thing;  
 The sacrifice that God will hold respected  
 Is the heart-broken soul, the spirit dejected.

Lastly, O Lord, how so I stand, or fall,  
 Leave not thy loved Sion to embrace;  
 But with thy favour build up Salem's wall,  
 And still in peace maintain that peaceful place;  
 Then shalt thou turn a well-accepted face  
 To sacred fires, with offer'd gifts perfumed,  
 Till even whole calves on altars be consum'd.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,

## PSALM LVII.

LORD, grant, oh ! grant me thy compassion,  
 For I in thee my trust have placed,  
 Display thy wings for my salvation,  
 Until my griefs are over-passed ;  
 To thee I sue, O God most high,  
 To thee that canst all wants supply.

From their despites who seek to rend me,  
 Let help, O Lord, from heav'n be deigned,  
 And let thy truth and love defend me,  
 For I with lions am detained ;  
 With men inflam'd, whose biting words  
 Are shafts, and spears, and naked swords.

Let over heav'n God's praise be reared,  
 And through the world his glory shewed,  
 For they, who nets for me prepared,  
 They who my soul to ground had bowed,  
 Ev'n they within those traps are caught,  
 Which for my fall their hands had wrought.

O God ! my heart now ready maketh,  
 My heart is for thy praise preparing ;  
 My tongue, my harp, my lute awaketh,  
 And I myself, betimes uprearing,

Will speak, and sing, in praise of thee,  
Where greatest throngs of people be.

For, Lord, thy mercies forth are stretched,  
As far as are the spheres extended,  
Thy truth unto the clouds hath reached,  
And thou thyself art high ascended ;  
Let still thy fame and praise, O God,  
Through heav'n and earth be spread abroad.

WITHER.

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PSALM LXIII.

THE title of this psalm is suitable to the subject. It must have been composed by David, not when he was persecuted by Saul in the wilderness of Ziph, to which period our concordance-writers refer us; but in his flight from Absalom, after his crossing the Jordan. The wilderness of Judah extended much further than that river.—GEDDES.

In the sixty-third psalm the royal prophet, supposed to be then an exile in the wilderness, expresses most elegantly the sentiments of tenderness and love.—LOWTH, *Lect. 25.*

## PSALM LXIII \*.

O God, my first, my last, my steadfast choice,  
 My boundless bliss, the spring of all my joys !  
 I'll worship thee before the silver moon  
 With silent pace has reach'd her cloudy noon ;

\* Elizabeth Rowe was born in 1674, and died in 1737. Her psalms and hymns are well known, and deservedly admired; yet elegant as they are in point of composition, the charms of their poetry, were in the estimation of their fair authoress but a secondary and inferior recommendation; † the fervent piety, by which they are so eminently characterised, was the first great feeling of her heart. Her “Friendship in Death” is highly esteemed; she was indeed a distinguished ornament of her sex.

† —all is in his hand whose praise I seek :  
 In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,  
 If he regard not, though divine the theme.  
 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime  
 And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,  
 To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart ;  
 Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,  
 Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

COWPER'S TASK—Conclusion of.

Before the stars the midnight skies adorn,  
 Long, long before the slow approach of morn.  
 Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems sing,  
 And with my voice join each harmonious string :  
 The midnight echoes at thy name shall wake,  
 And on their wings the joyful burthen take ;  
 While one bright smile from thee, one pleasing ray,  
 Through the still shades shall dart celestial day.

As the scorch'd trav'ller in a desert land,  
 Tracing, with weary steps, the burning sand,  
 And fainting underneath the fierce extremes  
 Of raging thirst, longs for refreshing streams ;  
 So pants my soul, with such an eager strife  
 I follow thee, the sacred spring of life.

Open the boundless treasures of thy grace,  
 And let me once more see thy lovely face ;  
 As I have seen thee in thy bright abode,  
 When all my pow'rs confess'd the present God.

There I could say, and mark the happy place,  
 'Twas there I did his glorious foot-steps trace ;  
 'Twas there (O let me raise an altar there !)  
 I saw as much of heav'n as mortal sense could bear ;  
 There from his eyes I met the heav'ly beam  
 That kindled in my soul this deathless flame.

Life, the most valued good that mortals prize,  
 Compar'd to which, we all things else despise ;  
 Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's stor'd  
 In the extent of that important word ;  
 Ev'n life itself, my God, without thy love,  
 A tedious round of vanity would prove.  
 Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,  
 Swallow'd in that, be all things else forgot.  
 And while those heavenly flames my breast inspire,  
 I'll call up all my powers, and touch the tuneful lyre ;  
 With all the eloquence of grateful lays,  
 I'll sing thy goodness, and recite thy praise.  
 The charming theme shall still my soul employ,  
 And give me foretastes of immortal joy ;  
 With silent rapture, not to be exprest,  
 My eager wishes here shall richly feast.  
 When sullen night its gloomy curtains spreads,  
 And soothing sleep its drowsy influence sheds ;  
 I'll banish flatt'ring slumbers from my eyes,  
 And praise thee till the golden morning rise ;  
 Those silent hours shall consecrated be,  
 And through the list'ning shades I'll send my vows  
 to thee.

MRS. ROWE.

## PSALM LXV.

THERE is nothing in this psalm to guide us to the time, or occasion of its composition : but its beauties are truly striking.—GEDDES.

How graceful and animated is that rich and flourishing picture of nature, which is exhibited in the sixty-fifth psalm ; when the prophet, with a fertility of expression correspondent to the subject, praises the beneficence of the Deity in the watering the earth, and making it fruitful !—LOWTH, *Lect. 25.*

A majestic propriety of words adds to the beauty of a thought majestic in itself. A passage at the end of psalm lxv. may be instanced :

“ Thou, O God, crownest the year with thy  
“ goodness ; thy clouds drop fatness :

“ They shall drop upon the dwellings of the  
“ wilderness, and the little hills shall rejoice on  
“ every side :

“ The folds shall be full of sheep ; the valleys  
“ also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall  
“ laugh and sing.”—GREEN’s *Observations on the  
Sublime of Longinus.*

There is a beautiful use of the *allegory*, or chain of *metaphors*, in the latter part of the lxvth psalm. The description is lively, and what the French call *riante*, or laughing. It has indeed been frequently observed, that the Eastern writings abound very much in strong *metaphors*; but in Scripture they are always supported by a ground-work of masculine and nervous strength, without which they are apt to swell into ridiculous *bombast*.—SMITH's *Longinus*, p. 132. note.

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### PSALM LXV\*.

SION's true, glorious God! on thee  
Praise waits in all humility.

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\* Henry Vaughan, called the *Silurist*, from that part of Wales, whose inhabitants were the ancient *Silures*, was born on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, and entered in 1638 at Jesus College, Oxford, being then 17. He was designed for the law, but retiring to his home at the commencement of the civil wars, became eminent in the practice of physic, and was esteemed by scholars (says Wood) *an ingenious person, but proud*

All flesh shall unto thee repair,  
 To thee, O thou that hearest pray'r !  
 But sinful words and works still spread,  
 And over-run my heart and head ;  
 Transgressions make me foul each day,  
 O purge them, purge them all away !  
 Happy is he ! whom thou wilt choose  
 To serve thee in thy blessed house !  
 Who in thy holy temple dwells,  
 And, fill'd with joy, thy goodnes tells !  
 King of salvation ! by strange things,  
 And terrible, thy justice brings  
 Man to his duty : thou alone  
 Art the world's hope, and but thee, none.  
 Sailors, that float on flowing seas,  
 Stand firm by thee, and have sure peace :  
 Thou still'st the loud waves, when most wild,  
 And mak'st the raging people mild.

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*and humourous.* He died in 1695.—*Mr. ELLIS, vol. III.*

In Vaughan's poems occur paraphrases of the 65th and 121st psalms ; I have chosen the former, and believe that a more favourable specimen of his poetry could hardly be found in either of his volumes.

Thy arm did first the mountains lay,  
And girds their rocky heads this day.  
The most remote, who know not thee,  
At thy great works astonish'd be.  
The outgoings of the even and dawn,  
In antiphones sing to thy name.  
Thou visit'st the low earth, and then  
Water'st it for the sons of men ;  
Thy upper river, which abounds  
With fertile streams, makes rich all grounds,  
And by thy mercies still supply'd  
The sower doth his bread provide.  
Thou water'st every ridge of land,  
And settlest with thy secret hand  
The furrows of it ; then thy warm,  
And opening show'rs (restrain'd from harm),  
Softens the mould, while all unseen  
The blade grows up alive and green.  
The year is with thy goodness crown'd,  
And all thy paths drop fatness round,  
They drop upon the wilderness,  
For thou dost even the deserts bless ;  
And hills too full of springing pride,  
Wear fresh adornments on each side ;  
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,  
And purling corn doth clothe the vale ;

They shout for joy, and jointly sing,  
Glory to the eternal King !

VAUGHAN.

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PSALM LXV.

LET praise to that Almighty Sov'reign rise,  
Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the skies ;  
Who o'er his works extends paternal care ;  
Whose kind protection all the nations share :  
From the glad climes, whence morn, in beauty drest,  
Forth goes, rejoicing, to the farthest west ;  
On Him alone their whole dependence lies,  
And his rich mercy every want supplies.  
O thou great Author of th' extended whole !  
Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll :  
By thee spring, summer, autumn, winter, rise ;  
Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies :  
By thy command the soft'ning shower distills,  
Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills ;  
Then fav'ring sun-shine o'er the clime extends,  
And blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends ;  
Next spring's gay products clothe the flow'ry hills,  
And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills ;

Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,  
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year :  
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,  
 And nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.

POETICAL CALENDAR.

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PSALM LXVIII.

THIS very beautiful psalm has been the cross of Biblical critics, since the commencement of Biblical criticism unto the present day: nor must I presume to flatter myself that I have surmounted all the strange difficulties that here occur. I have, however, endeavoured to make my version at least intelligible, with as little vexation of the original text as possible. As to the time and occasion of the composition of this sublime piece of poetry, the bulk of interpreters refer it to the translation of the ark from the house of Obed-Edom to mount Zion: but, I confess, I cannot acquiesce in this opinion. I think it must have been composed after David's signal and repeated victories over the combined forces of the Edomites, Ammonites, and Syrians, when the ark was brought back in triumph to Jerusalem. That the ark accompanied the army in

those wars we learn from the words of Uriah to David, 2 Sam. xi. 11.—GEDDES.

The attentive reader will frequently feel a want of information, concerning the author, the age, and the occasion of a poem; still more frequently will he find occasion to lament his own ignorance with respect to many facts and circumstances closely connected with the principal subject, and on which, perhaps, its most striking ornaments depend. This we experience in some degree in the admirable poem of Deborah; and this I seem to experience in the sixty-eighth psalm, though it appears to have some affinity with the subject of that which we have just examined (the twenty-fourth), since it adopts, in the place of an exordium, that well-known form of expression which was commonly made use of on the removal of the ark \*:

“ Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered;  
“ And let those that hate him flee from his presence.”

But almost every part of this most noble poem is involved in an impenetrable darkness. It would otherwise have afforded a singular example of the true sublime; the scattered rays of which, breaking

\* Compare Num. x. 35.

forth with difficulty through the thick clouds that surround it, we yet behold with a mixture of admiration and pleasure.—LOWTH, *Lect. 27.*

Having professed above, that I admired not so much the sublimity as the sweetness of David's lyric poetry, I think it my duty to make an exception in favour of this psalm, than which I do not recollect any thing more sublime in the whole book of psalms.—MICHAELIS.

Change of persons gives a lively turn, and forms a digressive elegance in a description. An object thus expressed is represented as if really present, and thereby strikes with redoubled efficacy.

The royal psalmist, in his description of the effect which God's presence had upon the earth, changes the second person into the third. He first addresses our Almighty Creator; then he turns to the third person, ver. 7, 8.

“ O God, when thou wentest forth through the  
“ wilderness, when thou wentest before the people ;  
“ the earth shook, and the heavens dropped, at  
“ the presence of God : Sinai also was moved at  
“ the presence of God, who is the God of Israel.”

This change greatly heightens the grandeur of the supreme Power.—GREEN's *Observations on the Sublime of Longinus.*

Milton's beautiful instance of the striking effect of change of person will immediately suggest itself to the reader :

“ Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd both stood,  
 “ Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 “ The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,  
 “ Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 “ And starry pole : Thou also mad'st the night,  
 “ Maker Omnipotent !”

PAR. LOST, B. IV.

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PSALM LXVIII.\*

ARISE, O God, assume thy might !

Shall proud oppressors still unaw'd devour,  
 Still trample on the poor man's right,  
 And lewdly scorn thy pow'r ?

\* This fine Ode will be found in a small volume of poems by the late William Julius Mickle, the well-known translator of the Lusiad of Camoens †, “ a man of genius, and of great poetical powers.” He was born 1734, died 1789.

† Pursuits of Literature.

When roaring from the western deep  
 The black-wing'd tempests rush,  
 When o'er the hills with headlong sweep  
 The inundations gush ;  
 As then the whirling chaff is driven,  
 So swept away shall be,  
 All who despise the laws of Heaven,  
 Nor honour pay to thee.

But, O ye just, with rapture raise  
 Your cheerful voices in his praise ;  
 With sacred awe, and holy mirth  
 Resound the God of heav'n and earth,  
 The God whose mercy knows no end,  
 The poor man's and the widow's Friend,  
 The helpless orphan's Sire ;  
 Who round the meek, afflicted, just,  
 Though crush'd and humbled in the dust,  
 Is still a wall of fire.

When thou, O God, didst march before  
 Thy people to the promis'd shore,  
 Then shook old earth : the sky  
 Shot lightnings from on high ;  
 The rapid Jordan bar'd his bed,  
 The Ocean saw his God, and fled,  
 The lofty cliffs of Sinai nod  
 And tremble at the presence of their thund'ring God.

The Lord Jehovah gave the word,  
 And loud the tribes resound,  
 And mighty kings and mighty hosts  
 Lay scatter'd o'er the ground :  
 Dispers'd as snow in Salmon's plain,  
 So fell, so lay the mighty slain,  
 And with their purple spoils are crown'd  
 The tender virgin train.

Thousands of angels at thy gate,  
 And great archangels stand,  
 And twenty thousand chariots wait,  
 Great Lord, thy dread command !  
 Through all thy great, thy vast domains,  
 With godlike honours clad,  
 Captivity in captive chains  
 Triumphing thou hast led.  
 That thou might'st dwell with men below,  
 And be their God and King,  
 From Bashan, and the land of woe  
 Shalt thou thy people bring :  
 From Bashan, and the desert shore  
 To blooming fields, and cities fair,  
 While sacred songsters march before,  
 And Jacob's princes faint no more,  
 Shalt thou the way prepare.

Lo ! Egypt's kings and wisest men  
 Shall bend the dutious knee,  
 And Ethiopia, wide and great,  
 Through all her vast extended state,  
 Shall stretch her hands to thee.

But, awful Sov'reign ! who can stand  
 Before the terrors of thy hand,  
 When thy right hand impends the blow  
 To strike a proud obdurate foe ?  
 Yet to thy saints, O God of pray'r,  
 How mild thy mercies shine !

The tend'rest father's ardent care  
 But ill resembles thine :  
 Thy mercies far, oh, far above  
 Thy other wonders shine,  
 A mother's ever watchful love  
 But ill resembles thine !

MICKLE.

## PSALM LXIX.

THIS psalm is throughout highly poetical, and quite in the style of Oriental poetry. The calamities of the Jews, during their captivity, are represented in every image of distress, in the strongest metaphorical terms.—GEDDES.

## PSALM LXIX.

To thee, my God, to thee alone  
 The errors of my heart are known:  
 O let me, in th' accepted hour,  
 In pray'r to thee my spirit pour!

Hear, Lord, and to my soul display  
 Thy mercy's all-enliv'ning ray;  
 Look down, eternal God, look down,  
 Behold me, but without a frown.

And O! while press'd with ills I lie,  
 Cast on my state a pitying eye;  
 And let thy mercy to my grief  
 In full sufficience yield relief.

So shall thy name my transport raise,  
 And dictate to my lips thy praise;  
 To thee my voice the song shall rear,  
 Thy mercy, Lord, is ever near.

MERRICK.

## PSALM LXXII.

WHAT has already been remarked concerning the second psalm, may be applied with propriety to this, which exactly resembles it both in matter and form. It might not improperly be entitled the Inauguration of Solomon. The nature of the allegory is the same with the former ; the style is something different, on account of the disparity of the subject. In the one the pomp and splendour of victory are displayed; in the other the placid image of peace and felicity. The style of the latter is, therefore, more calm and temperate, more ornamented, more figurative ; not abounding in the same boldness of personification as the former, but rather touched with the gay and cheerful colouring of nature, in its most flourishing and delightful state. From this example some light will be thrown upon the nature of the parabolic style ; in particular it will appear admirably adapted to this kind of allegory, on account of its abounding so much in this species of imagery. For as the imagery of nature is equally calculated to express the ideas of divine and spiritual, or of human things, a certain analogy being preserved in each ; so it easily admits that degree of ambiguity, which appears essential to this figure. By

these means the composition is at the same time diversified and perspicuous, applicable to both senses, and obscure in neither; and completely comprehending both parts of the allegory, may clearly and distinctly be referred to either.—LOWTH, *Lect. 11.*

On a sublime subject also, but still one of the gay and agreeable kind, I mean the inauguration of Solomon, which is celebrated in the seventy-second psalm, there is such a variety and beauty of imagery, such a splendour of diction, such elegance in the composition, that I believe it will be impossible in the whole compass of literature, sacred or profane, to find such an union of sublimity with sweetness and grace.—LOWTH, *Lect. 25.*

This psalm, or prayer, is supposed to have been made by David in the last stage of his life, in favour of Solomon, newly anointed king: and, if the concluding verse be genuine, we cannot admit any other hypothesis. But as this may be an arbitrary note of the redactor of the Psalms into their present form and order, Solomon himself may have been, and probably was, the author of this very beautiful composition.

GEDDES.

## PSALM LXXII.

Blest Prince of righteousness and peace,  
 The hope of all mankind !  
 The poor, in thy unblemish'd reign,  
 Shall free protection find.

Secure of just redress, to thee  
 Th' oppress'd his cause shall bring ;  
 While with the fruits of sacred peace  
 The joyful fields shall spring.

Through endless years thy glorious name  
 The righteous shall adore,  
 When sun and moon have run their course,  
 And measure time no more.

Thou shalt descend like the soft drops  
 Of kind celestial dews ;  
 Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall  
 The joyful spring renews.

The just shall flourish in thy days,  
 And sacred truth abound,  
 While in the skies the changing moon  
 Restores her nightly round.

Peace shall with balmy wings o'ershade  
 Our favour'd walls around :  
 With grass the meads, with plenteous corn  
 The mountains shall be crown'd.

A handful scatter'd on the earth,  
 Shall rise a wondrous crop ;  
 The loaded stalks shall bend like trees  
 On Lebanon's high top.

Thy glory no eclipse shall see,  
 But shine divinely bright,  
 While from his orb the radiant sun  
 Darts undiminish'd light.

Converted nations, blest in thee,  
 Shall magnify thy grace,  
 Call thee their glorious ransomer,  
 And hope of all their race.

With love and sacred rapture fir'd,  
 Thy lofty name we'll sing ;  
 Thou only wondrous things hast done,  
 The everlasting King !

From all the corners of the earth,  
 Let grateful praise ascend ;

Let loud *Amens*, and joyful shouts,  
The starry convex rend.

Mrs. Row~~e~~.

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PSALM LXXVII.

By far the greater part of the lyric poetry of the Hebrews is occupied wholly in the celebration of the power and goodness of Almighty God, in extolling his kindness and beneficence to his chosen people, and in imploring his assistance and favour in time of adversity: in other words, the usual subjects of these odes are so connected with every part of the Sacred History, as to afford ample scope for those digressions which are most pleasing, and most congenial to this species of composition. Thus, whether the theme be gay or mournful; whether the events which they celebrate be prosperous or adverse; whether they return thanks to God their deliverer for assistance in trouble, or with the humility of suppliants acknowledge the justice of the Divine correction; the memory of former times spontaneously occurs, and a variety of incidents and circumstances, of times, of seasons, of countries, of nations, all the miracles in Egypt, in the wilderness,

in Judea, are presented to their recollection: and all these so naturally connect with the subject, that whatever of ornament is deduced from them, so far from appearing foreign to it, seems rather an essential part of the principal matter. It may, therefore, be with modesty asserted of the Hebrew Ode, that from the nature of the subjects which it usually embraces, it is possessed of so easy an access to some of the most elegant sources of poetical imagery, and has consequently so many opportunities for agreeable digression, that with unbounded freedom and uncommon variety, are united the most perfect order, and the most pleasing uniformity.

The seventy-seventh psalm will afford some illustration of what has been remarked concerning the nature and economy of the Hebrew Ode. This psalm is composed in what I call the intermediate style, and is of that diversified and unequal kind which ascends from a cool and temperate exordium to a high degree of sublimity. The prophet, oppressed with a heavy weight of affliction, displays the extreme dejection and perturbation of his soul, and most elegantly and pathetically describes the conflicts and internal contests to which he is subjected, before he is enabled to rise from the depths of woe to any degree of hope or confidence. In the

character of a suppliant he first pours forth his earnest prayers to the God of his hope :

“ I lifted up my voice unto God and cried,  
“ I lifted up my voice unto God, that he should  
“ hear me.”

But even prayers afford him no sufficient consolation. He next endeavours to mitigate his sorrow by the remembrance of former times ; but this, on the contrary, only seems to exaggerate his sufferings by the comparison of his present adversity with his former happiness, and extorts from him the following pathetic expostulation :

“ Will the Lord reject me for ever?  
“ And will he be reconcil’d no more?  
“ Is his mercy eternally ceased?  
“ Doth his promise fail from generation to gene-  
“ ration?  
“ Hath God forgotten to be merciful?  
“ Or hath he in anger shut up his pity ?”

Again, recollecting the nature of the Divine dispensations in chastising man, “ the change of the right-hand of the Most High ;” in other words, the different methods by which the Almighty seeks the

salvation of his people, appearing frequently to frown upon and persecute those “in whom he delighteth:” reconsidering also the vast series of mercies which he had bestowed upon his chosen people; the miracles which he had wrought in their favour, in a word, the goodness, the holiness, the power of the great Ruler of the universe; with all the ardour of gratitude and affection, he bursts forth into a strain of praise and exultation. In this passage we are at a loss which to admire most, the ease and grace with which the digression is made, the choice of the incidents, the magnificence of the imagery, or the force and elegance of the diction:

“ Thy way, O God, is in holiness;  
 “ What God is great as our God?  
 “ Thou art the God that doest wonders:  
 “ Thou hast made known thy strength among the  
     “ nations:  
 “ With thy arm hast thou redeemed thy people,  
 “ The sons of Jacob and Joseph.  
 “ The waters saw thee, O God!  
 “ The waters saw thee, and trembled;  
 “ The depths also were troubled.  
 “ The clouds overflowed with water;  
 “ The skies sent forth thunder;  
 “ Thine arrows also went abroad:

“ The voice of thy thunder was in the atmosphere ;  
 “ Thy lightnings enlightened the world,  
 “ The earth trembled, and was disturbed.”

LOWTH, *Lect. 26.*

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PSALM LXXVIII.

I HAVE little doubt of this psalm's being a continuation of the preceding one. It is a beautiful recapitulation of all that Jehovah had done for the Israelites ; and of their unaccountable ingratitude and frequent relapses.—GEDDES.

Amongst those poems which by the Hebrews were adapted to music, and distinguished by the general appellation *Shirim*, there are some which differ in their nature from lyric poetry, strictly so called. These it will be more regular to class with those compositions anciently termed Idylliums.

The term Idyllium is a vague and general one, which denotes nothing certain relating to the nature of the poem ; it however appears by use and custom to have obtained a certain and appropriated destination ; and perhaps it may not be improperly defined, a poem of moderate length ; of an uniform, middle style, chiefly distinguished for elegance and

sweetness ; regular and clear as to plot, conduct, and arrangement. There are many perfect examples of this kind of poem extant in the writings of the Hebrews ; some of which, I presume, it will not be unpleasing singly to point out and explain.

The first of these poems which attract our notice are the historical psalms, in celebration of the power and the other attributes of the Deity, as instanced in the miracles which he performed in favour of his people. One of the principal of these, bearing the name of Asaph, (Psalm LXXVIII.) pursues the history of the Israelites from the time of their departure from Egypt to the reign of David, particularizing and illustrating all the leading events. The style is simple and uniform, but the structure is poetical, and the sentiments occasionally splendid. The historical, or rather chronological order, cannot be said to be exactly preserved throughout ; for the minute detail of so protracted a series of events could scarcely fail to tire in a work of imagination. The Egyptian miracles are introduced in a very happy and elegant digression, and may be considered as forming a kind of episode. The same subject affords materials for two other psalms, the hundred-and-fifth, and the hundred-and-sixth : the one including the history of Israel, from the call of Abraham to the Exodus ; the other, from that

period to the later ages of the commonwealth: both of them bear a strong resemblance to the seventy-eighth, as well in the subject as in the style (except perhaps that the diction is rather of a more simple cast); the mixture of ease and grace, displayed in the exordium, is the same in all.

These psalms both in plot and conduct, have a surprizing analogy to the hymns of the Greeks. Indeed the Greek translators might very properly have given the title of Hymns to the book of Psalms, as that word agrees much more exactly with the Hebrew title *Tehillim*, than that which they have adopted.—LOWTH.

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### PSALM LXXVIII.

PARENT of universal good !  
 We own thy bounteous hand,  
 Which does so rich a table spread,  
 In this far distant land.

Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks  
 In gushing torrents flow ;  
 The feather'd wanderers of the air  
 Thy guiding instinct know.

The pregnant clouds, at thy command,  
 Rain down delicious bread ;  
 And by light drops of pearly dew  
 Are numerous armies fed.

Supported thus, thine Israel march'd  
 The promis'd land to gain :  
 And shall thy children now begin  
 To seek their God in vain ?

Are all thy stores exhausted now ?  
 Or does thy mercy fail ?  
 That faith should languish in our breasts,  
 And anxious cares prevail ?

Ye base unworthy fears, begone,  
 And wide disperse in air ;  
 Then may I feel my Father's rod,  
 When I suspect his care.

DODDRIDGE.\*

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\* Philip Doddridge, one of the most eminent among the ministers of the Protestant dissenters, was born in the year 1702, and died 1751. He was distinguished by learning, candour, and piety.

## PSALM LXXX.

THE voice of grief and complaint is tempered with the consolations of hope in the eightieth psalm.—LOWTH, *Lect. 25.*

The psalmist (whoever he was), describing the people of Israel as a vine, has continued the metaphor, and happily drawn it out through a variety of additional circumstances. Among the many beauties of this allegory, not the least graceful is that modesty, with which he enters upon and concludes his subject, making an easy and gradual transition from plain to figurative language, and no less delicately receding back to the plain and unornamented narrative :

“ Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt;  
“ Thou hast cast out the nations and planted it,  
“ Thou preparedst room before it.”—

After this follow some figurative expressions, less cautiously introduced: in which when he has indulged for some time, how elegantly does he revert to his proper subject!

“ Return, O God of Hosts!  
“ Look down from heaven, and behold,

“ And visit this vine :  
 “ And the branch which thy right hand hath  
     “ planted ;  
 “ And the offspring which thou madest strong for  
     “ thyself.  
 “ It is burned in the fire, it is cut away ;  
 “ By the rebuke of thy countenance they perish.  
 “ Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand ;  
 “ Upon the son of man, whom thou madest strong  
     “ for thyself.”

It will readily be perceived, how in this kind of allegory, the literal may be mingled with the figurative sense ; and even how graceful this practice appears, since light is more agreeably thrown upon the subject in an oblique manner, without too bare and direct an explication.—LOWTH, *Lecture 10.* \*

It is not sufficient that the image be apt and familiar, it must also be elegant and beautiful in itself : since it is the purpose of a poetic parable, not only to explain more perfectly some proposition, but frequently to give it more animation and splendour.

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\* See the passage at large, in which the nature of Allegory, and particularly of that species of it known in Scripture by the name of Parable, is explained in a masterly manner, and illustrated by examples selected with admirable taste.

The imagery from natural objects is superior to all other in this respect; or almost every picture from nature, if accurately drawn, has its peculiar beauty.

—LOWTH, *ibid.*

The eightieth psalm is a beautiful instance of that pathetic complaint, which was poured forth during the public fast, when the rain was withheld. Here God is happily called upon as the Shepherd of Israel, and as the leader of Joseph like a flock; terms which always represent him as their feeder—as their conductor to the green pasture and the still waters.\* ‘Thou Inhabitant of the cherubim,’ says the author very boldly, ‘shine forth.’ He calls upon him as the God who ‘rides upon the cherub,’ that is, ‘comes flying on the wings of the wind,’ to cause either the lightnings, or the illuminations, or perhaps both, to appear. He invites him to come forth in solemn procession to the presence of Ephraim, Benjamin, and Manasseh. ‘O God,’ says he, ‘cause us to return, and cause thy presence to shine, and we shall be saved.’

The author afterwards bewails that God, instead of occasioning the feast, feeds his people with the bread of tears, and gives them tears only to drink, and that their enemies laugh them to scorn. He then most elegantly pictures his forlorn country, as

\* Psalm xxiii. 1, 2, 3.

exposed to foreign invasion, under the image of a forsaken vine, which the wild boar out of the wood is rooting up. He prays God to return and visit this vine, for it is ‘burned with fire,’ and cut down. The prophet Ezekiel describes his exhausted country under the same image, and in a manner which improves the effect of the psalm before us.\* ‘Thy mother is like a vine in thy blood, planted by the waters: she was fruitful, and full of branches, by reason of many waters. But she was plucked up in fury, she was cast down to the ground, and the east wind dried up her fruit: her strong rods were broken and withered; the fire consumed them. And now she is planted in the wilderness, in a dry and thirsty ground.’—HURDIS.

We may take also from the Scriptures a very fine example of an allegory, in the eightieth psalm, where the people of Israel are represented under the image of a vine, and the figure is supported throughout with great correctness and beauty: “Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out

\* Ezek. xix. 10, 12, 13.

her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way, do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." Here there is no circumstance (except perhaps one phrase at the beginning, " thou hast cast out the heathen,") that does not strictly agree to a vine, whilst, at the same time, the whole quadrates happily with the Jewish state represented by this figure.

—BLAIR's *Lectures*.

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### PSALM LXXXI.

THE eighty-first psalm is characterised by an exquisite union of sublimity and sweetness. It is an ode composed for the feast of trumpets in the first new moon of the civil year.\* The exordium contains an exhortation to celebrate the praises of the Almighty with music and song, and (as is frequent in these productions of the Hebrews) is replete with animation :

\* See Reland. *Antiq. Heb.* iv. 7.

“ Sing unto God our strength;  
 “ A song of triumph to the God of Jacob.”

The different instruments of music are named, as is common in the lyric compositions of all other nations:

“ Take the psaltery, bring hither the timbrel,  
 “ The pleasant harp, with the lute.”

The trumpet is particularly alluded to, because the solemn use of it on their great festivals was prescribed by the Mosaic law. The commemoration of the giving of the law, associated with the sound of the trumpet (which was the signal of liberty)\* introduces, in a manner spontaneously, the miseries of the Egyptian bondage, the recovery of their freedom, and the communication with God upon Mount Sinai (the awfulness of which is expressed in a very few words, “ the secret place of thunder”), and finally the contention with their Creator at the waters of Meribah. The mention of Meribah introduces another idea, namely, the ingratitude and contumacy of the Israelites, who appear to have been ever unmindful of the favours and indulgence of their heavenly Benefactor. The

\* See Lev. xxiii. 24. Num. xxix. 1. and Lev. xxv. 9, 10.

remainder of the ode, therefore, contains an affectionate expostulation of God with his people, a confirmation of his former promises, and a tender complaint, that his favourable intentions towards them have been so long prevented by their disobedience. Thus the object and end of this poem appears to be an exhortation to obedience from the consideration of the paternal love, the beneficence, and the promises of the Deity; and we have seen with how much art, elegance, variety, and ingenuity, this is accomplished. In order to complete the beauty of this composition, the conclusion is replete with all the graces of sentiment, imagery, and diction. The sudden and frequent change of persons is remarkable; but it is by no means harsh, or obscure. Some allowance is however to be made for the Hebrew idiom, as well as for the state of the author's mind: he is not under the influence of art but of nature; through the impetuosity of passion, therefore, his transitions are frequent from figure and allusion to plain language, and back again with a kind of desultory inconstancy.

In the last lecture I treated in general of the disposition and arrangement of lyric composition, and endeavoured, in some degree, to define its usual symmetry and outline. But on abstruse and difficult subjects, example is of more avail than the

utmost accuracy of description. To him, therefore, who wishes to form a correct idea of this kind of poem, I will venture to recommend the psalm which we have just examined; not doubting, that if he can make himself master of its general character, genius, and arrangement, he will feel perfectly satisfied concerning the nature and form of a perfect ode.—LOWTH, *Lect. 26.*

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### PSALM LXXXII.

In this psalm, of uncertain date, God is poetically introduced, as chief judge among the judges of the earth, and giving them a charge to administer justice uprightly.—GEDDES.

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### PSALM LXXXIV.

O LORD, how beauteous are thy courts!  
Thither my longing soul resorts;  
Fainting to see that blest abode,  
Wherein resides th' Almighty God.

The sparrow finds a place to rest,  
 The untun'd swallow builds her nest ;  
 Within thy walls their young they breed,  
 And them before thy altar feed.

How blest are they who there may dwell,  
 Thy wonders, and thy works to tell !  
 How blest are they, whose strength abides  
 In God ! for these he safely guides.

These in the thirsty vales are fill'd  
 With springs, or show'rs from clouds distill'd ;  
 Passing along from strength to strength,  
 Till they Mount Sion reach at length.

The God of Jacob lends his ear,  
 The Lord of hosts my pray'r will hear,  
 Thou art my shield, and, Lord, thy grace  
 Inlightens thy anointed's face.

One day which in thy courts I spend,  
 A thousand others does transcend ;  
 Thy temple-gates I'll rather keep,  
 Than in the tents of princes sleep.

God, like a shield, gives strong defence,  
 And as the sun, whose influence

Breeds all things for our good ; so he,  
O God, is blest, who trusts in thee !

SIR J. DENHAM.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,  
And curs'd I am ; for God neglects my cry.  
O Lord, in darkness and despair I groan ;  
And ev'ry place is hell ; for God is gone.  
O Lord, arise, and let thy beams controul  
Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul :  
O rise, and save me from eternal night,  
Thou that art the God of light !

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;  
There none obtain thy aid, none sing thy praise.  
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :  
Is mercy there ? is sweet forgiveness found ?  
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;  
Rebuke the storm, and set me safe to land.  
O make my longings, and thy mercy sure,  
Thou that art the God of power !

Behold the weary'd prodigal is come  
To thee, his hope, his harbour, and his home.

No father he could find, no friend abroad,  
 Depriv'd of joy, and destitute of God.  
 O let thy terrors, and his anguish end !  
 Be thou his father, and be thou his friend,  
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove ;  
 Thou that art the God of love !

PRIOR.

## PSALM LXXXIX.

Our grateful songs, O thou eternal King,  
 Shall ever of thy boundless mercies sing ;  
 And thy unalterable truth rehearse,  
 To after ages, in a living verse.  
 For what is by thy clemency decreed,  
 Shall orderly, and faithfully succeed ;  
 E'en like those never-resting orbs above,  
 Which on firm hinges circularly move.  
 Thus God unto his servant David swore,  
 This cov'nant made ; I will for evermore  
 Thy seed establish, and thy throne sustain,  
 Whilst seas shall flow, or moons increase, and wain.  
 The heav'nly Hierarchy thy truth shall praise,  
 The saints below thy glorious wonders blaze :  
 For who is like our God above the clouds !  
 Or who so great, whom human frailty shrouds !

He to his angels terrible appears,  
 And daunts the tyrants of the earth with fears.  
 Great God! how great, when dreadful armies join !  
 What God so strong ! what faith so firm as thine !  
 Thy bounds the billows of the sea restrain ;  
 Thou calm'st the tumults of th' incensed main.  
 Proud Rahab, like a corse, with blood imbru'd,  
 Hewn down ; the strong with greater strength  
 subdu'd.  
 Thine are the heav'ns ; those lamps which gild the  
 skies ;  
 Round earth, broad seas, and all which they com-  
 prise :  
 Thou mad'st the southern and the northern pole,  
 Whereon the orbs celestial swiftly roll.  
 Hermon invested with the morning rays,  
 And Tabor with the evening's, sing thy praise.  
 Thy arm excels in strength ; thy hands sustain  
 The world they made, and guide it with a rein.  
 Justice with judgment join'd, thy throne uphold,  
 Mercy and truth thy sacred brows infold.  
 Thrice happy they, who, when the trumpet calls,  
 Throng to thy celebrated festivals !  
 They of thy beauty shall enjoy the sight,  
 And guide their feet by that informing light ;  
 Thy name shall daily in their mouths be found,  
 And in thy justice shall their joys abound.

Our ornament in peace, our strength in wars,  
 Thy favour shall exalt us to the stars :  
 Thou, Holy One of Israel, our King,  
 Thou our defence, secure beneath thy wing.  
 Thus spake Jehovah by his prophet's voice ;  
 Of strenuous David have I made my choice,  
 (On that hero have pour'd my sacred oil)  
 To guide my people, and preserve from spoil.  
 I will support him with my pow'rful arm ;  
 No foe shall tribute force, nor treason harm ;  
 His enemies before his face shall fly,  
 And those, who hate his soul, by slaughter die.  
 Our truth and clemency shall crown his days,  
 And to the firmament his glory raise :  
 He, from the billows of the Tyrian main,  
 To swift Euphrates shall extend his reign,  
 Who in his oft-renew'd devotions shall  
 Me Father, God, and Great Protector, call.  
 My favourite he shall be, and my first birth,  
 Rais'd above all the princes of the earth ;  
 My mercy him for ever shall preserve,  
 And from my promise I will never swerve :  
 His seed shall always reign, his throne shall last,  
 While days have light, and nights their shadows cast.  
 If they my judgments slight, forsake my law,  
 My rites neglect, and from my rule withdraw ;  
 Then I with whips will their offences scourge,  
 With labour, misery, and sorrows urge,

Yet will not utterly my king forsake,  
 My vow infringe, or alter what I spake.  
 I by my sanctity to David sware,  
 That he, and his should never want an heir,  
 To sway the Hebrew sceptre, while the sun  
 His usual race should through the zodiack run,  
 While men the moon, and radiant stars should see,  
 The faithful witnesses of my decree.  
 But thou art angry with thy own elect,  
 And dost thy late-affected king reject ;  
 Infringe the cov'nant to thy servant sworn ;  
 Thou from his brows his diadem hast torn,  
 Cast down the rampire, which his strength renown'd,  
 And all his bulwarks levell'd with the ground :  
 Whom now his neighbours scorn ; a common prey,  
 And spoil to all that travel by the way.  
 Thou addest strength and courage to his foes,  
 Who now rejoice and triumph in his woes,  
 Rebatest his sharp sword, unnerv'st his might,  
 And mak'st him shrink in fervour of the fight ;  
 His splendour hast eclipsed ; his renown  
 In ruins buried, and his throne cast down ;  
 His youth consumed with untimely age ;  
 Mark'd out for shame, the object of thy rage.  
 How long shall he in thy displeasure mourn !  
 Still shall thine anger like a furnace burn ?  
 O call to mind the shortness of my days,  
 That dream of man, which like a flower decays :

Who lives, that can the stroke of death defend ;  
 Or shall not to the silent grave descend ?  
 Where is thy ancient love, thy plighted troth !  
 Confirm'd to David by a solemn oath !  
 Remember the reproaches I have borne,  
 Those of the mighty, and their bitter scorn :  
 Traduced ; by thy enemies abhor'd :  
 Yet, O my pensive soul, praise thou the Lord.

Amen ; Amén.

SANDYS.

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PSALM XC.

A beautiful poem by Moses.

MICHAELIS.

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PSALM XC.

Thou through all ages art our God ;  
 In thee was our secure abode,  
 Before thy compass drew the earth,  
 Or thence the mountains took their birth.

Yet man, who to destruction falls,  
 Thy voice into the world recalls :  
 A thousand years are, to thy sight,  
 Like a past day, or ending night.

Lost in a swift impetuous stream,  
 We seem but like a waking dream ;  
 The flow'r that with the sun did rise,  
 I' th' evening hangs the head, and dies.

So cast into consuming fire,  
 In thy fierce anger we expire.  
 Our darkness yielding to thy light,  
 Our secrets can't escape thy sight.

We all our days in sorrow spend,  
 And as a tale that's told, they end :  
 Seventy compleats the age of man ;  
 Eighty but stretches out his span :

And who beyond that measure strains,  
 Upon the rack prolongs his pains.  
 Who knows thy anger's power ? or who  
 Pays thy just wrath the fear that's due ?

When once we're taught to count our days,  
 Our hearts with wisdom we shall raise :

Return, O Lord, lo ! we repent,  
O free us from sin's punishment !

Blest God, thy sun of mercy raise,  
And give us bright and happy days !  
Measure the years which make us glad  
Equal with those which made us sad.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
And let their sons thy glory know ;  
May that on us its beams reflect,  
And with its light our ways direct.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

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PSALM XC.

1, 2.

O LORD, our sure, our constant aid,  
Our souls' supreme abode ;  
Who, ere the heav'ns and earth were made,  
Art one eternal God.

3.

In death thou bidd'st our bodies lie ;  
To life recall'st again,

When Mercy's voice proclaims on high,  
 " Return, ye sons of men."

## 4.

Thousands of years, Almighty Power !  
 Are moments in thy sight,  
 Day passes day, as flits the hour  
 That marks the watch of night.

## 13.

Teach then our souls, life's little space  
 With wisdom's eye to see,  
 And waft them, on the wings of Grace,  
 To Glory, and to Thee.

MASON.

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PSALM XCI.

THIS beautiful psalm may have been composed by David: and there are parts of it, which make the supposition very probable. See ver. 14 and 16. It has no title in Heb. but in Sept. Vulg. and Arab. it is called " A praise-song of David."—GEDDES.

The subject of the ninety-first psalm is the security, the success, and the rewards of piety. The

exordium exhibits the pious man placing all his dependence upon Almighty God :

“ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High ;  
 “ Who lodgeth under the shadow of the Omnipotent :  
 “ Who saith to Jehovah, Thou art my hope and my fortress !  
 “ My God, in whom I trust :—

And immediately leaving the sentence unfinished, he apostrophizes to the same person, whom he had been describing :

“ He indeed shall deliver thee  
 “ From the snare of the fowler, from the destroying pestilence.”

The imagery that follows is beautiful and diversified, and at the same time uncommonly solemn and sublime :

“ With his feathers will he cover thee ;  
 “ And under his wings shalt thou find protection :  
 “ His truth shall be thy shield and thy defence.  
 “ Thou shalt not fear from the terror by night ;  
 “ From the arrow that flieth by day ;

“ From the pestilence that walketh in darkness ;  
 “ From the destruction that wasteth at noon.  
 “ A thousand shall fall at thy side ;  
 “ And ten thousand at thy right-hand :  
 “ To thee it shall not approach.”

How excellent also are the succeeding images, the guard of angels, the treading under foot the fiercest and most formidable animals ; and afterwards, that sudden but easy and elegant change of the persons !

“ Because he hath loved me, therefore will I de-  
 “ liver him :  
 “ I will exalt him, for he hath known my name.”

If any reader will carefully weigh and consider the nature and dignity of this imagery, having due respect at the same time to the principles of the mystical allegory, I am persuaded he will agree with me, that something of a mystical design is concealed under the literal meaning of this psalm. Without a question, the pious person, the king, or high-priest perhaps, who in the literal sense is the principal character of the poem, is meant in reality to represent some greater and sublimer personage. But leaving this part of the subject to the investigation of

the divine, I submit it to any critic of true taste and discernment, whether the third ode of the fourth book of Horace (the beauty of which has been justly celebrated, and which bears a great resemblance to that under our consideration) is not greatly excelled by the sacred poet, as well in grace and elegance, as in force and dignity.—LOWTH,  
*Lect. 26.*

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## PSALM XCI.

Who makes th' Almighty his retreat,  
 Shall rest beneath his shady wings;  
 Free from th' oppression of the great,  
 The rage of war, or wrath of kings:

Free from the cunning fowler's train,  
 The tainted air's infectious breath,  
 His truth in perils shall sustain,  
 And shield thee from the stroke of death.

No terrors shall thy sleep affright,  
 Nor deadly flying arrows slay;  
 Nor pestilence devour by night,  
 Or slaughter massacre by day.

A thousand, and ten thousand shall  
 Sink on thy right-hand, and thy left,  
 Yet thou, secure, shalt see their fall,  
 By vengeance, of thieir lives bereft.

Since God thou hast thy refuge made,  
 And dost to him thy vows direct,  
 No evil shall thy strength invade,  
 Nor wasting plagues thy roof infect.

Thee shall his Angels safely guide,  
 Upheld by winged legions,  
 Lest thou at any time shouldst slide,  
 And dash thy foot against the stones.

Thou on the basilisk shalt tread,  
 The mountain lion boldly meet,  
 And trample on the dragon's head ;  
 The leopard prostrate at thy feet.

Since he hath fixt his love on me,  
 Saith God, and walked in my ways,  
 I will his soul from danger free,  
 And from the reach of envy raise :

To him I his desires will give,  
 From danger guard, in honour place ;

He long, long happily shall live,  
And flourish in my saving grace.

SANDYS.

## PSALM XCII.

AN ode for the day of the Sabbath.—STREET.

The ninety-second psalm consists wholly of joy, which is not the less sincere, because it is not excessive.—LOWTH, *Lect. 25.*

## PSALM XCII.

THOU, who art inthron'd above,  
Thou, by whom we live, and move ;  
O how sweet, how excellent,  
Is 't with tongue, and heart's consent,  
Thankful hearts, and joyful tongues,  
To renown thy name in songs !  
When the morning paints the skies,  
When the sparkling stars arise,  
Thy high favours to rehearse,  
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

Take the lute, and violin  
Let the solemn harp begin,  
Instruments strung with ten strings,  
While the silver cymbal rings.  
From thy works my joy proceeds ;  
How I triumph in thy deeds !  
Who thy wonders can express ?  
All thy thoughts are fathomless,  
Hid from men in knowledge blind,  
Hid from fools to vice inclin'd.  
Who that tyrant sin obey,  
Though they spring like flow'rs in May,  
Parcht with heat, and nipt with frost,  
Soon shall fade, for ever lost.  
Lord, thou art most great, most high,  
Such from all eternity ;  
Perish shall thy enemies,  
Rebels that against thee rise ;  
All, who in their sins delight,  
Shall be scatter'd by thy might.  
But thou shalt exalt my horn,  
Like a youthful unicorn ;  
Fresh and fragrant odours shed  
On thy crowned prophet's head.  
I shall see my foes' defeat,  
Shortly hear of their retreat ;  
But the just like palms shall flourish,  
Which the plains of Judah nourish ;

Like tall cedars mounted on  
 Cloud-ascending Lebanon.  
 Plants set in thy court, below  
 Spread their roots, and upwards grow,  
 Fruit in their old age shall bring,  
 Ever fat, and flourishing.  
 This God's justice celebrates ;  
 He, my rock, injustice hates.

SANDYS.

## PSALM XCIII.

THE mighty Lord doth reign on high,  
 And decks himself with majesty ;  
 The Lord doth gird himself with might,  
 In battle to maintain his right :  
 Whereby the world doth stand secure,  
 And doth unmoveably endure.  
 Thy throne's of equal age with thee,  
 Who never didst begin to be.

The floods, O Lord, the floods do roar,  
 Their swelling waves assault the shore,  
 But whilst the highest Lord doth reign,  
 The mighty waves do roar in vain.

Thy testimonies firm and sure,  
 Our faith against all storms secure;  
 And in thy house, Lord, holiness  
 Is ever the most comely dress.

FORD.

---

PSALM XCV.

THE ninety-fifth psalm, repeated always in the morning-service of our Church previous to the psalms of the day, is an irrefragable proof, that the compositions of the Hebrews are not wild and incoherent, when properly understood, but have as much sobriety, taste, and critical consistency, as the most laboured odes of Italy or Greece.—HURDIS.

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PSALM XCVI.

A very elegant psalm of the same description, full of spirit and beauty, immediately follows that which we have just considered. Here Israel is called upon, in a strain of the most ardent rapture, to

sing to his God and declare his wonders among all people.—HURDIS.

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### PSALM XCVI.

LET all the earth their voices raise,  
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
     To sing, and bless Jehovah's name ;  
 His glory let the heathens know,  
 His wonders to the nations shew,  
     And all his saving works proclaim.

The heathens know thy glory, Lord ;  
 The wond'ring nations read thy word ;  
     In Britain is Jehovah known :  
 Our worship shall no more be paid  
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;  
     Our Maker is our God alone.

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,  
 He made the shining worlds on high,  
     And reigns complete in glory there ;  
 His beams are majesty and light ;  
 His beauties how divinely bright !  
     His temple how divinely fair !

Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
 And barb'rrous nations fear his name :  
 Then shall the race of man confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

WATTS.

---

PSALMS XCVI. 10-13; and XCVIII. 7-9.

TELL in high, harmonious strains,  
 Tell the world, Jehovah reigns !  
 He, who fram'd this beauteous whole,  
 He, who fix'd each planet's place ;  
 Who bade unnumber'd orbs to roll,  
 In destin'd course, through endless space.  
 Let the glorious heavens rejoice,  
 The hills exult with grateful voice ;  
 Let ocean tell the echoing shore,  
 And the hoarse waves with humble voice adore !  
 Let the verdant plains be glad !  
 The trees in blooming fragrance clad !  
 Smile with joy, ye desert lands,  
 And, rushing torrents, clap your hands !

Let the whole earth with triumph ring !  
 Let all that live, with loud applause,  
 Jehovah's matchless praises sing—  
 He comes ! he comes ! heav'n's righteous King !  
 To judge the world by truth's eternal laws.

DR. GREGORY.

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PSALM XCVIII.

To God our Lord renew your song,  
 His hand has wonders wrought ;  
 Triumphal crowns to him belong,  
 When with his foes he fought.

The light of his salvation round  
 To heathen lands extends,  
 His mercy Jacob's race has found,  
 And the world's utmost ends.

To God, ye nations of the earth,  
 With thankful hearts rejoice ;  
 And to the Lord your joy and mirth  
 Express with harp and voice.

Your cornets, and your trumpets sound,  
 And let the ocean roar,

And from its clashing waves rebound  
God's wonders to the shore.

Floods, clap your hands with loud accord ;  
Ye mountains, dance for mirth,  
When ye behold the righteous Lord  
Descend to judge the earth.

SIR J. DENHAM.

— — —  
PSALM C.

O ALL the regions of the earth,  
Bless God ! who gave the world its birth :  
Your souls to him, and voices raise,  
Learn, and express the joy of praise.

God made, and peopled all the lands,  
Man's not the work of his own hands ;  
And what he made, he feeds and keeps,  
Th' Almighty shepherd never sleeps.

O then, with joy make your address  
I' th' temple of his holiness !  
With grateful hearts aloud proclaim  
The honours of his honour'd Name.

For God is good, is good alone,  
 All ages have his mercies known,  
 His truth beyond them shall endure  
 Stedfast, and, as his mercy, sure.

GOODRIDGE.

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PSALM CI.

WITH Venema, Sciler, and Dathe, I think this psalm must have been composed by David, what time he translated the ark to Zion: when he renewed his resolution of ruling his people and family, according to God's laws.—GEDDES.

Even the walls (of the Country-parson's house) are not idle, but something is written, or painted there, which may excite the reader to a thought of piety; especially the 101st psalm, which is expressed in a fair table, as being the rule of a family.  
 —HERBERT's *Priest to the Temple*.

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PSALM CI.

OF Mercy's never-failing spring,  
 And stedfast judgment I will sing;

And since they both to thee belong,  
To thee, O Lord, address my song.

When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
Wise discipline my reign shall guide ;  
With blameless life myself I'll make  
A pattern for my court to take.

No ill design will I pursue,  
Nor those my fav'rites make that do ;  
Who to reproof bears no regard,  
Him will I totally discard.

The private slanderer shall be  
In publick justice doom'd by me ;  
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,  
And mortify the heart of pride.

But honesty, call'd from her cell,  
In splendour at my court shall dwell ;  
Who virtue's practice make their care  
Shall have the first preferments there.

No politicks shall recommend  
His country's foe to be my friend ;  
None e'er shall to my favour rise  
By flatt'ring, or malicious lies.

All those who wicked courses take  
 An early sacrifice I'll make ;  
 Cut off, destroy, till none remain,  
 God's holy city to profane.

NEW VERSION.

## PSALM CIII.

My soul, thy best devotion raise  
 To bless the Lord, and sing his praise ;  
 O never unremember'd be  
 The benefits he pour'd on thee :  
 Whose pardon does all sins release,  
 And keep thy body from disease ;  
 Who thee redeem'd, to death cast down,  
 And doth thy life with mercies crown.

Who with good things shall fill thy mouth,  
 And eagle-like renew thy youth.  
 He by right judgment hath redrest  
 All such as are by wrong opprest.  
 His ways have known to Moses been,  
 The Israelites his works have seen ;  
 All which his will, and nature shew,  
 To mercy swift, to vengeance slow.

He will not always with us chide,  
 Nor let his anger long abide ;  
 Nor deals according to our sin,  
 Nor have our crimes rewarded been :  
 For high as heav'n is earth above,  
 So large, so boundless is his love ;  
 Removing all our sins as far,  
 As east and west divided are.

Yea, like a father's to his son,  
 To us is his compassion ;  
 He knows our frame too weak to trust,  
 Rememb'ring that we are but dust :  
 The days of man, like to the grass,  
 Or fading flow'r, to nothing pass,  
 Which blown, and shaken by the wind,  
 Leave neither place, nor print behind.

His goodness though, confirm'd, and sure,  
 To children's children doth endure,  
 Ev'n unto such, whose clear intents  
 Walk after his commandements.  
 The Lord in heav'n prepares his throne,  
 And governs all the world alone ;  
 O therefore bless that pow'rful Lord,  
 Who made, and rules us by his word.

Ye angels that in strength excel,  
 And never 'gainst his word rebel ;  
 Ye winged ministers, who still  
 Prepared are to act his will ;  
 Ye heav'ly hosts, and creatures all,  
 Bless him, and at his foot-stool fall :  
 Lastly, my soul thy Maker praise,  
 And bless his goodness all thy days.

BISHOP KING.

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PSALM CIII.

O BLESS the Lord, to bless his name  
 Still let my heart be wholly set ;  
 Bless him, my soul, his praise proclaim,  
 Nor all his benefits forget :  
 Who all thy errors doth forgive,  
 Thy sickness and thy pains remove ;  
 Bids thee, when near destruction, live,  
 And crowns thee with his kindest love.

He fills thy soul with good, thy youth,  
 Like that of eagles, he renews ;  
 Judgment the Lord in right and truth  
 To all oppress'd and helpless shews.

He made his ways to Moses known,  
 His mighty acts to Israel's seed ;  
 He's slow to wrath, to mercy prone,  
 And ev'ry kind and gracious deed.

He will not still in wrath contend,  
 Nor chide, tho' men from justice swerve ;  
 He oft forbears, when we offend,  
 And ne'er afflicts, as we deserve.  
 As high as heav'n th' Almighty's seat  
 Is rais'd above this earthly frame,  
 So is his loving kindness great  
 To all, who love and fear his name.

As far, as from the utmost west  
 The eastern land at distance lies,  
 So far the pity in his breast  
 Removes our past iniquities.  
 To sons the father pity shews,  
 So God in pity spares the just ;  
 For He, who our frail nature knows,  
 Kindly remembers we are dust.

Man's days resemble grass, he blooms  
 As in the fields the short-liv'd flow'r,  
 Which blasted by the wind consumes,  
 Nor shall its place e'er know it more.

But mercy shall to them, that fear  
 Th' Almighty's name, for ever last;  
 To Him their children's children dear  
 Fruits of his faithfulness shall taste,

Who ne'er his covenant disown,  
 But always his commands obey.  
 The Lord in heav'n prepar'd his throne,  
 And over all extends his sway.  
 Ye angels, who in strength excel,  
 Extol your high eternal God,  
 Who in his court celestial dwell,  
 Still watchful to observe his nod;

Ye ministers of God most high,  
 Ye happy hosts, ye sons of light,  
 Who to obey him ready fly,  
 With zeal th' Almighty's praise recite.  
 O let the Lord by all be prais'd,  
 By all his num'rous works ador'd,  
 Within his wide dominions rais'd :  
 My grateful soul, bless thou the Lord.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

## PSALM CIV

Is one of the Hebrew poems, which has been long since distinguished by universal approbation ; the subject is the wisdom and design of the Creator in the formation of the universe. The exordium is most sublime, and consists of a delineation of the Divine Majesty and power, as exemplified in the admirable constitution of nature.—LOWTH, *Lect. 8.*

In the book of Psalms may be found many poems, which may be accounted of the Idyllium species. I have principally in contemplation those, in which some particular subject is treated in a more copious and regular manner, than is usual in compositions strictly lyric. Such is the hundred-and-fourth psalm, which demonstrates the glory of the infinite Creator, from the wisdom, beauty, and variety of his works. The poet embellishes this noble subject with the clearest and most splendid colouring of language ; and with imagery the most magnificent, lively, diversified, and pleasing, at the same time select, and happily adapted to the subject. There is nothing of the kind extant, indeed nothing can be conceived, more perfect than this hymn, whether it be considered with respect to its intrinsic beauties, or as a model of that species of composition.

Miraculous exertions of the Divine power have something in them, which at first strikes the inattentive mind with a strong sentiment of sublimity and awe: but the true subject of praise, the most worthy of God, and the best adapted to impress upon the heart of man a fervent and permanent sense of piety, is drawn from the contemplation of his power in the creation of this infinite All, his wisdom in arranging and adorning it, his providence in sustaining, and his mercy in the regulation of its minutest parts, and in ordering and directing the affairs of men. The Greek hymns consisted chiefly of fables, and these fables regarded persons and events, which were neither laudable in themselves, nor greatly to be admired; indeed I do not recollect any that are extant of this sublime nature, except that of the famous stoic Cleanthes, which is inscribed to Jove, that is, to God the Creator, or as he expresses himself, “to the Eternal Mind, the Creator and Governor of Nature.”\* It is doubtless a most noble monument of ancient wisdom, and replete with truths not less solid than magnificent. For the sentiments of the philosopher concerning the Divine power, concerning the harmony of nature, and the supreme laws, concerning the folly and unhappiness

\* See Cudworth, *Intellect. System.* p. 432; or H. Stephanus, *Poësis Philosoph.*

of wicked men, who are unceasingly subject to the pain and perturbation of a troubled spirit; and above all, the ardent supplication for the Divine assistance, in order to enable him to celebrate the praises of the omnipotent Deity in a suitable manner, and in a perpetual strain of praise and adoration; all of these breathe so true and unaffected a spirit of piety, that they seem in some measure to approach the excellence of the sacred poetry. The hymn of David, which I have just mentioned, deservedly occupies the first place in this class of poems; that which comes nearest to it, as well in the conduct of the poem as in the beauty of the style, is another of the same author. See Psalm 139.

LOWTH, *Lect. 29.*

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### PSALM CIV.\*

My soul, exalt the Lord with hymns of praise,  
 O Lord my God, how boundless is thy might!  
 Whose throne of state is cloth'd with glorious rays,  
 And round about hast rob'd thyself with light,

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\* The few poems this elegant scholar has left behind him, are distinguished by a very interesting simplicity, worthy of his pure classic taste. His

Who like a curtain hast the heav'ns display'd,  
And in the wat'ry roofs thy chambers laid.

Whose chariots are the thickned clouds above,  
Who walk'st upon the winged winds below,  
At whose command the airy spirits move,  
And fiery meteors their obedience shew :

beautiful stanzas “ on his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia,” have always been greatly admired; the 104th psalm, which I here give, is much less known, but will, I think, be allowed to reflect great credit on him. It is the finest specimen I have met with, of sacred poetry among our earlier authors, and will be highly acceptable, I doubt not, to every reader of taste. His treatise on Architecture deserves to be better known. Sir Henry Wotton was born in 1568, entered into holy orders late in life, and died provost of Eton in 1639.

His life has been written by that excellent biographer Isaac Walton. He was a great traveller, and was ambassador at several courts; Cowley says of him—

In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,  
He read the men and manners, bringing home  
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety.

*On the Death of Sir Henry Wotton.*

Who on his base the earth didst firmly found,  
And mad'st the deep to circumvest it round.

The waves that rise, would drown the highest hill,

But at thy check they fly, and when they hear  
Thy thund'ring voice, they post to do thy will,  
And bound their furies in their proper sphere :

Where surging floods, and valing ebbs can tell  
That none beyond thy marks must sink, or swell.

Who hath dispos'd, but thou, the winding way

Where springs down from the steepy crags do beat,  
At which, both foster'd beasts their thirsts allay,  
And the wild asses come to quench their heat ;  
Where birds resort, and in their kind, thy praise  
Among the branches chant in warbling lays.

The mounts are water'd from thy dwelling place,

The barns and meads are fill'd for man and beast,  
Wine glads the heart, and oil adorns the face,  
And bread the staff whereon our strength doth rest ;  
Nor shrubs alone feel thy sufficing hand,  
But even the cedars that so proudly stand.

So have the fowls their sundry seats to breed,

The ranging stork in stately beeches dwells,  
The climbing goats on hills securely feed,  
The mining conies shroud in rocky cells :

Nor can the heavenly lights their course forget,  
The moon her turns, or sun his times to set.

Thou mak'st the night to over-vail the day,  
Then savage beasts creep from the silent wood,  
Then lion's whelps lie roaring for their prey,  
And at thy powerful hand demand their food :  
Who when at morn they all recouch again,  
Then toiling man till eve pursues his pain.

O Lord, when on thy various works we look,  
How richly furnish'd is the earth we tread !  
Where in the fair contents of nature's book  
We may the wonders of thy wisdom read ;  
Nor earth alone, but lo ! the sea so wide,  
Where great and small, a world of creatures glide.

There go the ships that furrow out their way,  
Yea, there of whales enormous sights we see,  
Which yet have scope among the rest to play,  
And all do wait for their support on thee,  
Who hast assign'd each thing his proper food,  
And in due season doth dispense thy good.

They gather when thy gifts thou dost divide,  
Their stores abound, if thou thy hand enlarge ;  
Confus'd they are, when thou thy beams dost hide,  
In dust resolv'd, if thou their breath discharge :

Again, when thou of life renew'st the seeds,  
The wither'd fields revest their cheerful weeds.

Be ever glory'd here thy sovereign name,  
That thou may'st smile on all which thou hast made,  
Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,  
And at whose touch the hills in smoke shall vade.  
Forme, may, while I breathe, both harp and voice  
In sweet inditement of thy hymns rejoice :  
Let sinners fail, let all profaneness cease,  
His praise, my soul, his praise shall be thy peace,

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

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PSALM CIV.\*

Bless God, O my soul,  
Rejoice in his name,  
O Lord, let my voice  
Thy greatness proclaim ;

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\* The production of a very eminent scholar, who published it some years ago, without his name, and enjoined me to follow his example. It is a name

Surpassing in honour,  
 Dominion and might,  
 Thy throne is the heaven,  
 Thy robe is the light.

---

dear to literature, and by me ever to be revered, and treasured up in a grateful heart. Long may he continue to dignify by his talents, and to grace by his virtues, the situation which he now fills, and which, if a long life of honourable labour in the cause of learning, hath aught of merit, is but his just reward, a reward too long withheld !

τῶν δὲ τεπραγμένων,  
 'Εν δίκαια τε καὶ ταξά δίκαια,  
 'Αποίητον οὐδὲ ἄν  
 Χεόνος, ὁ τάντων τατῆρ,  
 Δύνατο θέμεν ἔργων τέλος.  
 Λάθα δὲ τότμω σὺν εὐδαιμονι γένοιτο ἄν.  
 'Εσλῶν γὰρ ὑπὸ χαριάτων,  
 Πῆμα θνάσκει ταλίγκοτον δαμασθὲν,  
 'Οταν Θεοῦ μοῖρα τάμπη  
 'Ανεκάστιλον οὐκιλόν.

The sky we behold  
 A curtain display'd,  
 The chambers of heav'n  
 On waters are laid :  
 The clouds are a chariot  
 Thy glory to bear,  
 On winds thou art wafted,  
 Thou ridest on air.

As rapid as fire,  
 Thy Angels on high,  
 Convey thy commands,  
 Thy ministers fly.  
 The earth on its basis  
 Eternal sustain'd,  
 Is fix'd in the station  
 Thy wisdom ordain'd.

The world, when at first  
 From chaos compos'd,  
 Was void, without form  
 In waters enclos'd ;  
 The voice of thy chiding,  
 Thy thunder was heard,  
 The waters subsided,  
 The mountains appear'd.

Thy providence fix'd  
 The stream and its source,  
 The sea knows its bounds,  
 The rivers their course ;  
 Convey'd through dark conduits  
 Springs rise on the hills,  
 They burst in the fountains,  
 They fall in the rills.

The beasts of the wild  
 Their forest forsake,  
 The herd quits the field  
 To drink of the lake ;  
 On trees crown'd with verdure,  
 Its margin along,  
 Birds, warbling sweet music,  
 Praise God in their song.

Descending on hills,  
 Clouds plenteousness pour,  
 All nature revives,  
 Earth smiles in the show'r ;  
 A garment of verdure  
 Apparels the plain,  
 Fruits swell in the garden,  
 Fields wave with their grain.

With moisture refresh'd  
 The vine yields its fruit,  
 'Tis balm to our hearts,  
 To health a recruit ;  
 With transport we gather  
 The richness of oil,  
 'Tis strength to our body,  
 Support to our toil.

The trees full of sap  
 With joy rear their head,  
 The cedars their boughs  
 O'er Libanus spread ;  
 Secure in their covert  
 The bird flees for rest,  
 She sings on the branches,  
 She broods on the nest.

The pine yields a home  
 The stork to secure,  
 The goat on his crag  
 Defies his pursuer :  
 E'en creatures too feeble  
 Themselves to defend,  
 On caves and concealment  
 For safety depend.

The moon by thy law  
 Encreases and wanes,  
 The sun keeps the course  
 Thy wisdom ordains ;  
 He sets : and the lion  
 Roams wide for his prey,  
 But flies to his cavern  
 When morn brings the day.

Then man with the sun  
 His labour renews,  
 'Till evening arrives,  
 That labour pursues.  
 Such, Lord, is the wisdom,  
 Thy works all proclaim.  
 Let earth, crown'd with riches,  
 Rejoice in thy name.

Nor here only, Lord,  
 Thy might we adore,  
 The sea feels thy hand,  
 Th' abyss own thy pow'r ;  
 There tribes without number,  
 Thy creatures resort,  
 Leviathan gambols,  
 And whales take their sport.

There ships spread their sails  
 The surface to sweep,  
 There fish nimbly glide,  
 Conceal'd in the deep ;  
 They all know their season,  
 As seasons arise ;  
 And tribes, which thy bounty  
 Has made, it supplies.

Thy will and thy word  
 Endues them with breath,  
 Consum'd by thy blast  
 They shrink into death ;  
 Restor'd at thy pleasure,  
 New beings repair  
 To people the waters,  
 The earth, and the air.

Rejoice then, O Lord,  
 In glory secure,  
 The works thou hast made,  
 Through ages endure :  
 Yet aw'd by thy presence,  
 When thou drawest near,  
 Smoke bursts from the mountains,  
 Earth trembles with fear.

Thus, Lord, let me sing,  
 Thy glory to raise,  
 Delightful the strain  
 When tun'd to thy praise ;  
 The vile have their suff'rings,  
 The just their reward ;  
 Bless God, O ! my spirit,  
 O praise ye the Lord.

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## PSALM CXVII.

THE hundred-and-seventh Psalm may undoubtedly be enumerated among the most elegant monuments of antiquity ; and it is chiefly indebted for its elegance to the general plan and conduct of the poem. It celebrates the goodness and mercy of God towards mankind, as demonstrated in the immediate assistance and comfort which he affords, in the greatest calamities, to those who devoutly implore his aid. In the first place, to those who wander in the desert, and who encounter the horrors of famine ; next, to those who are in bondage ; to those who are afflicted with disease ; and finally, to those who are tossed about upon the ocean. The prolixity of the argument is occa-

sionally relieved by narration ; and examples are superadded of the Divine severity in punishing the wicked, as well as of his benignity to the devout and virtuous; and both the narrative and preceptive parts are recommended to the earnest contemplation of considerate minds. Thus the whole poem actually divides into five parts nearly equal ; the four first of which conclude with an intercalary verse, expressive of the subject or design of the hymn :

“ Glorify Jehovah for his mercy,  
“ And for his wonders to the children of men.”

This distich also is occasionally diversified, and another sometimes annexed illustrative of the sentiment ;

“ For he satisfieth the famished soul,  
“ And filleth the hungry with good.”

“ For he hath broken the brazen gates,  
“ And the bolts of iron he hath cut in sunder.”

The sentiment of the epode itself is sometimes repeated, only varied by different imagery :

“ Glorify Jehovah for his mercy,  
 “ And for his wonders to the children of men :  
 “ Let them also offer sacrifices of praise,  
 “ And let them declare his works with melody.”

“ Let them exalt him in the assembly of the people,  
 “ And in the council of the elders let them cele-  
 “ brate him.”

In all these passages, the transition from the contemplation of their calamities, to that of their deliverance, which is made by the perpetual repetition of the same distich, is truly elegant :

“ Let them also cry unto Jehovah in their troubles ;  
 “ And from their afflictions he will deliver them : ”

This however does not appear in the least to partake of the nature of the intercalary verse. The latter part of the psalm, which comprehends a vast variety of matter, concludes with two distichs expressive of a sentiment, grave, solemn, and practical, and in no respect unworthy of the rest of the poem.—LOWTH, *Lect. 29.*

The beauties of this psalm are many and striking ; and need not be pointed out to the least in-

telligent. The transition to ships and the dangers of mariners in the twenty-third verse is admirable. I doubt if all antiquity can produce a better picture.

—GEDDES.

In Homer all the horrors of the storm are placed before our eyes: we shudder at the billows tossing the ship; we (almost) hear the groans of the distressed sailors, and behold the masts torn away by the violence of the wind, and floating on the ocean.

But, however the energy of Homer merits attention, the inspired writers more immediately demand applause. The holy Psalmist thus delineates a tempest, Psalm cvii.

“ At the word of the Lord the stormy wind  
“ ariseth, which lifteth up the waves of the sea.

“ They are carried up to the heaven, and  
“ down again to the deep: their soul melteth  
“ away, because of the trouble.

“ They reel to and fro, and stagger, like a drunken man, and are even at their wit’s end.

“ So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble; he delivereth them out of their distress.”

The whole psalm flows in the strain of piety; and the reader cannot fail to join the holy writer in the reflection, “ They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great

“ waters ; these men see the works of the Lord,  
 “ and his wonders in the deep.”—GREEN’s *Observa-  
 tions on the Sublime of Longinus.*

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## PSALM CXVII.

O praise th’ eternal Lord,  
 Ye nations all around !  
 His goodness thro’ the world record,  
 His glorious acts resound !  
 On us, and all our race,  
 His mercy largely flows,  
 His truth no time can e’er deface,  
 Nor force his pow’r oppose.

MILBOURNE.

## PSALM CXVII.

FROM all, that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator’s praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer’s name be sung,  
 Through ev’ry land, by ev’ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXIX.

## PART XXII. TAU.

O, let my cries thy heav'nly seat  
 Approach ; my pray'r indulgent meet,  
 And give, for on thy word relies  
 My hope, O give me to be wise.  
 Behold, for mercy lives in thee,  
 Behold me suppliant bend the knee,  
 And let thy promis'd aid dispel  
 The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.  
 Thy sacred precepts taught to know,  
 How shall my lips, great God, o'erflow  
 With praise, and, touch'd with holy flame,  
 The justice of thy laws proclaim !  
 While pleas'd I bow to thy command,  
 Reach, in my rescue, reach thy hand :  
 O thou, whose dictates warm my heart,  
 Thy long-expected health impart ;  
 And let my soul, to life restor'd,  
 Thy love in lasting hymns record,

While o'er my head its beams shall shine,  
And make thy great salvation mine.

\* Thine eyes in me the sheep behold,  
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold ;  
That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain  
To find its safe retreat again ;  
Now listens, if perchance its ear  
The shepherd's well-known voice may hear ;  
Now, as the tempests round it blow,  
In plaintive accent vents its woe.  
Great Ruler of this earthly ball,  
Do thou my erring steps recall ;  
O seek thou him, who thee has sought,  
Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

MERRICK.

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PSALM CXX.

THOU God of love, thou ever-blest,  
Pity my suff'ring state ;  
When wilt thou set my soul at rest  
From lips that love deceit ?

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\* Mr. Merrick's poetical paraphrase of this verse is so beautiful and affecting, that I cannot refrain from subjoining it.—Bp. HORNE'S *Commentary*.

Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast  
 Among the sons of strife,  
 Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste  
 My golden hours of life.

O might I fly to change my place,  
 How would I choose to dwell  
 In some wide lonesome wilderness,  
 And leave these gates of hell.

Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
 How lovely are its charms !  
 I am for peace ; but when I speak,  
 They all declare for arms.

New passions still their souls engage,  
 And keep their malice strong :  
 What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
 O thou devouring tongue !

Should burning arrows smite thee through,  
 Strict justice would approve :  
 But I had rather spare my foe,  
 And melt his heart with love.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXXI.

THE hundred-and-twenty-first psalm is of the same kind with the twenty-fourth already noticed, that is, of the genuine dramatic, or dialogue form; and as it is both concise and elegant, I shall quote it at large. The king, apparently going forth to battle, first approaches the ark of God upon Mount Sion, and humbly implores the Divine assistance, on which alone he professes to rest his confidence:

“ I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains,  
 “ Whence cometh my succour.  
 “ My succour is from Jehovah,  
 “ Who made the heavens and the earth.”

The high-priest answers him from the Tabernacle:

“ He will not suffer thy foot to stumble ;  
 “ He that preserveth thee will not slumber ;  
 “ Behold, he will neither slumber nor sleep ;  
 “ He who preserveth Israel.  
 “ Jehovah will preserve thee ;  
 “ Jehovah will shade thee with his right hand.  
 “ The sun shall not injure thee by day,

“ Nor the moon by night.  
 “ Jehovah will preserve thee from all evil ;  
 “ He will preserve thy soul.  
 “ Jehovah will preserve thy going out and thy  
 coming in,  
 “ From this time forth for ever and ever.”

LOWTH, Lect. 30.

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PSALM CXXI.

BEYOND the mountain’s hoary brow  
 I will my views extend,  
 From whence is help, and who shall now  
 The needful comfort send.

My help is from the Lord of love,  
 In welfare, or in woe,  
 Which arch’d the glorious heav’n above,  
 And laid the land below.

Through him thy feet their ground shall keep,  
 And move secure and free,  
 Nor shall the blessed watchman sleep,  
 Which is on guard for thee.

Behold Jeshurun's ward, that draws  
 The veil of thy repose,  
 His active nature needs no pause,  
 Nor sleep, nor slumber knows.

The Lord, thy keeper, is intent  
 On his peculiar charge,  
 The Lord all dangers shall prevent,  
 Thy breast-plate and thy targe;

So that the sun's meridian lamp  
 Shall not thy veins inflame,  
 Nor shall the moon-beams, in the damp  
 Of midnight, chill thy frame.

The Lord thy safety shall insure,  
 All peril shall he ward;  
 Yea, and thy soul shall rest secure,  
 When cherish'd by the Lord

The Lord shall for thy ways provide  
 Through ev'ry sea and shore,  
 Thy travel and return to guide  
 From henceforth, evermore.

## PSALM CXXII.

THIS Psalm is in the title ascribed to David, and it is a production worthy of his pen. It is an elegant and lively ode, and has ever been admired by the best judges, both for the composition, and the matter of it.

CHANDLER's Life of David.

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## PSALM CXXII.

O happy summons ! to the court,  
 And temple of the Lord resort.  
 Jerusalem, our feet shall tread  
 Within thy walls ! O thou the head  
 Of all the earth, and Judah's throne,  
 Three cities strongly join'd in one !  
 The tribes in throngs to thee ascend,  
 The tribes, which on the Lord depend,  
 Fat offerings to his altar bring,  
 And his immortal praises sing.  
 There shall be his tribunal place,  
 The judgment-seat of David's race.

Your joys shall with your days increase,  
 Who love, and pray for Salem's peace :  
 May peace within thy walls abound,  
 Thy palaces with joy resound !  
 Ev'n for my friends and kindred's sake,  
 May never war thy bulwarks shake ;  
 Ev'n for the hope of Israel,  
 And house, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

SANDYS.

—  
PSALM CXXII. \*

WHAT joy, while thus I view the day,  
 That warns my thirsting soul away,  
 What transports fill my breast !  
 For lo ! my great Redeemer's pow'r  
 Unfolds the everlasting door,  
 And leads me to his rest.

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\* Theodore Zuinger, of whom some account may be found in Thuanus, when he lay on his death-bed, took his leave of the world, in a paraphrase on the cxxiid Psalm. I have never been able to get a sight of the original ; but one may venture, I be-

The festal morn, my God, is come,  
 That calls me to the hallow'd dome,  
 Thy presence to adore ;  
 My feet the summons shall attend,  
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,  
 And tread th' ethereal floor.

E'en now to my expecting eyes  
 The heav'n-built towers of Salem rise,  
 E'en now, with glad survey  
 I view her mansions, that contain  
 Th' angelic forms, an awful train,  
 And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,  
 Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,

lieve, to say, that it has lost nothing in a translation of it by the late learned and pious Mr. MERRICK; which is so excellent, that I must beg leave to present it to the reader. Some of the lines are retained in his more literal poetical version, published in 1765. It may serve as a finished specimen of the noble and exalted use, which a Christian may, and ought to make of the Psalms of David.

Bishop HORNE's Psalms.

Their tribute hither bring :  
 Here crown'd with everlasting joy,  
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
 And hail th' immortal King :

Great Salem's King ; who bids each state  
 On her decrees dependent wait ;  
 In her, ere time begun,  
 High on eternal base uprear'd  
 His hands the regal seat prepar'd  
 For Jesse's favour'd son.

Mother of cities ! o'er thy head  
 See Peace, with healing wings outspread,  
 Delighted fix her stay !  
 How blest, who calls himself thy friend !  
 Success his labours shall attend,  
 And safely guard his way.

Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,  
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,  
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore ;  
 There smiling Plenty takes her stand,  
 And in thy courts, with lavish hand,  
 Has pour'd forth all her store.

Let me, blest seat, my name behold  
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,  
 In thee for ever dwell:  
 Let Charity my steps attend,  
 My sole companion and my friend,  
 And Faith and Hope farewell !

MERRICK.

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PSALM CXXV.

THOSE who, with holy confidence,  
 Trust on the Lord for their defence ;  
 Secur'd by his protecting hand,  
 Shall stedfast as mount Sion stand.

And as the mighty hills surround  
 Majestic Salem's hallow'd ground,  
 So round his people, widely spread,  
 Shall God his guardian influence shed.

Far from that people shall he still  
 Remove the dang'rous powers of ill,  
 Lest they infect his favour'd race,  
 And turn them from the paths of grace;

That God, whose law is virtue's guide,  
 Will humble all the sons of pride,  
 And fill alone the righteous breast  
 With Israel's joy, and Israel's rest.

MASON.

(Altered from the Old Version.)

## PSALM CXXVI.

THE whole of this Psalm is neat, perspicuous, and connected; and we may challenge criticism to rival its delicacy, or to parallel its elegance, from any repository of genius.

HURDIS.

## PSALM CXXVII.

MAN a new Babel does erect,  
 Where God is not the architect:  
 In vain the watchman breaks his sleep,  
 Unless the Lord the city keep.

In vain we rise before the light,  
 And lose the soft repose of night ;  
 Fed with the bread of care we live,  
 But God to his sweet rest does give.

He sends his blessings from above,  
 On the chaste fruits of nuptial love ;  
 Like arrows from a giant's bow,  
 Sons shall destroy their father's foe :  
 Whose quiver can such shafts supply,  
 May in the gate his foe defy.

SIR J. DENHAM,

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PSALM CXXX.\*

FROM depth of dole wherein my soul doth dwell,  
 From heavy heart which harbours in my breast,  
 From troubled sprite which seldom taketh rest,  
 From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,  
 O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell:

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\* George Gascoigne, a poet of some fame in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was born at Walthamstow, in Essex, and educated at both Universities: after travelling he returned to Gray's Inn, of which he was a member, and

My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord alone,  
 To thee I call, to thee I make my moan ;  
 And thou, good God, vouchsafe in grace to take  
 This woful plaint,  
 Wherein I faint,  
 Oh hear me then for thy great mercy's sake !

## 2.

Oh bend thine ears attentively to hear,  
 Oh turn thine eyes, behold me now I wail,  
 O hearken, Lord, give ear for mine avail,  
 O mark in mind the burthens that I bear ;  
 See how I sink in sorrows every where,  
 Behold and see what dolours I endure,  
 Give ear and mark what plaints I put in ure,  
 Bend willing ear, and pity therewithal  
 My wailing voice,  
 Which hath no choice  
 But evermore upon thy name to call.

---

wrote there his dramatic and other poems. The latter part of his life he spent at his native village of Walthamstow, where he died in 1578.

He had the character of a polite gentleman, an eloquent and witty courtier ; *et vir inter poetas sui sæculi præstantissimus.*—BERKENHOUT, *Biographia Literaria.*

## 3.

If thou, good Lord, should'st take thy rod in hand,  
 If thou regard what sins are daily done,  
 If thou take hold where we our works begun,  
 If thou decree in judgement for to stand,  
 And be extreme to see our senses scann'd,  
 If thou take note of every thing amiss,  
 And write in rolls how frail our nature is,  
 O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power,  
 What mortal wight  
 May then have light  
 To feel thy frown, if thou have list to lower?

## 4.

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store,  
 Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall,  
 Thou heark'nest first before we come to call,  
 Thy ears are set wide open evermore,  
 Before we knock thou comest to the door,  
 Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry,  
 Than he is quick to climb to thee on high ;  
 Thy mighty name be praised then alway,  
 Let faith and fear  
 True witness bear,  
 How fast they stand, which on thy mercy stay.

## 5.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore,  
 For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still,  
 Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill,  
 For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore,  
 My soul for thee attendeth evermore.  
 My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste,  
 My soul desires with thee for to be plac'd ;  
 And to thy word, which can no man deceive,  
 Mine only trust,  
 My love and lust  
 In confidence continually shall cleave.

## 6.

Before the break, or dawning of the day,  
 Before the light be seen in lofty skies,  
 Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,  
 Before the watch (before the watch I say) .  
 Before the ward that waits therefore alway,  
 My scul, my sense, my secret thought, my sprite,  
 My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,  
 Unto the Lord that sits in heaven on high,  
 With hasty wing  
 From me doth fling,  
 And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

## 7.

O Israel, O household of the Lord,  
 O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed,  
 O chosen sheep, that love the Lord indeed,  
 O hungry hearts, feed still upon his word,  
 And put y<sup>e</sup>ur trust in him with one accord:  
 For he hath mercy evermore at hand,  
 His fountains flow, his springs do never stand,  
 And plenteously he loveth to redeem  
 Such sinners all,  
 As on him call,  
 And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

## 8.

He will redeem our deadly drooping state,  
 He will bring home the sheep that go astray,  
 He will help them that hope in him alway,  
 He will appease our discord, and debate,  
 He will soon save, though we repent us late.  
 He will be ours, if we continue his;  
 He will bring bale to joy and perfect bliss,  
 He will redeem the flock of his elect  
 From all that is,  
 Or was amiss,  
 Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

GASCOIGNE

## PSALM CXXX.\*

From the deeps of grief and fear,  
 O Lord ! to Thee my soul repairs;  
 From thy heaven bow down thine ear :  
 Let thy mercy meet my prayers :  
 Oh ! if thou mark'st  
 What's done amiss,  
 What soul so pure,  
 Can see thy bliss ?

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\* Phineas Fletcher is well known to the reader of English Poetry as the author of the Purple Island ; a poem very highly commended by Mr. Headley, who justly observes, that † “ it is to Fletcher's honour that Milton read and imitated him,” and adds that, “ he is eminently entitled to a very high rank among our old English classics.”

After his Purple Island, and Piscatory Eclogues, follow “ Certain of the Royal Prophet's Psalms metaphrased ;” from these I have selected one, which appears to me very superior to the rest, and well worthy of republication.

† Beauties of Ancient English Poetry.

But with thee sweet mercy stands,  
 Sealing pardons, working fear;  
 Wait, my soul, wait on his hands,  
 Wait, mine eye, oh, wait, mine ear:  
 If He his eye,  
 Or tongue affords,  
 Watch all his looks,  
 Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,  
 And looks for light, and looks again;  
 When the night grows old and grey,  
 To be reliev'd he calls amain:  
 So look, so wait,  
 So long mine eyes  
 To see my Lord,  
 My sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord,  
 For from his tongue sweet mercy flows;  
 Wait on his cross, wait on his word,  
 Upon that tree Redemption grows:  
 He will redeem  
 His Israel,  
 From sin and wrath,  
 From death and hell.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

THE Hebrews have nothing that corresponds with those fables, to which the Greek and Roman poets have recourse, when amplification is required: nor can we be surprized that imagery so consecrated, so dignified by religion and antiquity, and yet of so obvious and established acceptation as to be intelligible to the meanest understanding, should supply abundant and suitable materials for this purpose. The sacred poets, therefore, resort in this case chiefly to the imagery of nature; and this they make use of, indeed, with so much elegance and freedom, that we have no cause to regret the want of those fictions, to which other nations have recourse. To express or delineate prosperity and opulence, a comparison is assumed from the cedar, or the palm;\* if the form of ma-

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\* The frequent recurrence for metaphorical expressions to natural objects, and particularly to plants and to trees, is so characteristic of the Hebrew poetry, that it might be almost called the *botanical* poetry. This circumstance, however, is not at all extraordinary, if we consider that the greater part of that people were occupied with tilling the earth, and keeping their flocks; and further that the culti-

jesty, or external beauty is to be depicted, Lebanon, or Carmel is presented to our view. Sometimes they are furnished with imagery from their religious rites, at once beautiful, dignified, and sacred. In both these modes, the Psalmist most elegantly extols the pleasures and advantages of fraternal concord in this psalm.—LOWTH, *Lect. 12.*

These few select examples of the elegant and beautiful in lyric composition, I have pointed out for your more attentive consideration; (see Psalm xxiii.) and I am of opinion, that in all the treasures of the Muses you will seek in vain for models more perfect. I will add one other specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, is expressive of the true lyric form and character; and compresses in a small compass all the merits and elegance incidental to that species of composition. It is, if I may be

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vation of poetry, instead of being confined to the learned, was so generally diffused, that every valley re-echoed the songs of the shepherds. Hence in the very few remains of the Hebrew writings which are come down to us, I mean the Scriptures, there are upwards of 250 botanical terms, which none use so frequently as the poets: and this circumstance gives, I think, an air of pastoral elegance to their poetry, which any modern writer will emulate in vain.—MICHAELIS.

allowed to use the expression of a very polite writer,

A drop from Helicon, a flower  
Cull'd from the Muses' fav'rite bower.\*

The Psalmist contemplating the harmony which pervaded the solemn assembly of the people, at the celebration of one of their festivals, expresses himself nearly as follows:—LOWTH, *Lect. 26.*

— — —  
PSALM CXXXIII.

How blest the sight, the joy how sweet,  
When brothers join'd with brothers meet  
In bands of mutual love !

Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed  
On Aaron's consecrated head,  
Ran trickling from above ;

And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest :  
Less sweet the dews on Hermon's breast,  
Or Sion's hill descend :  
That hill has God with blessings crown'd,  
There promis'd grace that knows no bound,  
And life that knows no end.

DR. GREGORY.

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\* Callimach. Hymn. in Apol. v. 112.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

O BEHOLD with admiration  
What great good, and contentation,  
And what joy it is to see  
Brethren's love and amity :  
It is like that balmy ointment,  
Consecrate by God's appointment,  
And still used to be shed  
Upon Aaron's sacred head ;  
Which, unto his beard distilling,  
And along his vesture trilling,  
Did embalm the very hem,  
And the nether skirts of them.  
As the dew so fat, so pearly  
Waters Hermon late, and early,  
Clothing Sion's sacred hill  
Like to Ver, and Flora still :  
So where this kind band is holden  
Firmly, still the age is golden,  
For God's blessings from above  
Flow, to grace this feast of love.

BRYAN, MS.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

O BLEST estate! blest from above!  
 When brethren join in mutual love.  
 'Tis like the precious odours shed  
 On consecrated Aaron's head;  
 Which trickled from his beard and breast,  
 Down to the borders of his vest.  
 'Tis like the pearls of dew that drop  
 On Hennion's ever-fragrant top;  
 Or which the smiling heav'ns distill  
 On happy Sion's sacred hill;  
 For God hath there his favour plac'd,  
 And joy, which shall for ever last.

SANDYS.

## PSALM CXXXIV.

You, who the Lord adore,  
 And at his altar wait,  
 Who keep your watch before  
 The threshold of his gate;  
 His praises sing  
 By silent night,  
 Till cheerful light  
 I' th' orient spring.

Your hands devoutly raise  
 To his divine recess,  
 The world's Creator praise,  
 And thus the people bless ;  
 The God of love,  
 From Sion's towers,  
 To you, and yours  
 Propitious prove.

SANDY8.

## PSALM CXXXIV.

ALL ye, who God's domestics are,  
 See you with angels wait ;  
 And in your courses, like each star,  
 By night shine at heav'n's gate.

Look while ye stand, or kneel, or sit,  
 Ye serve, and bless the Lord ;  
 Look that your hands God's altars fit,  
 And to his praise accord.

Look ye be clean, for holiness  
 Becomes God's holy place ;  
 Watch well, and pray that filthiness  
 None of God's works deface.

Then God, who made the world, and stays  
 On Sion, grace shall send,  
 Till he shall bless, and we shall praise,  
 From hence, world without end.

LORD COLERAINE.

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PSALM CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye  
 That his attendants are,  
 Ev'n you that in God's temple be,  
 And praise him nightly there.  
 Your hands within God's holy place  
 Lift up ; and praise his name.  
 From Sion hill the Lord thee bless,  
 That heav'n and earth did frame.

SCOTS VERSION.

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PASLM CXXXVI.

AMONG the historical kind may be enumerated  
 the hundred-and-thirty-sixth Psalm ; it celebrates  
 the praises of the Almighty, and proclaims his in-

finite power and goodness ; beginning with the work of creation, and proceeding to the miracles of the Exodus, the principal of which are related almost in the historical order. The exordium commences with this well-known distich :

“ Glorify Jehovah, for he is good ;  
“ For his mercy endureth for ever :”

which, according to Ezra,\* was commonly sung by alternate choirs. There is, however, one circumstance remarkable attending it, which is, that the latter line of the distich, being added by the second choir, and also subjoined to every verse, (which is a singular case) forms a perpetual epode. Hence the whole nature and form of the intercalary verse (or burthen of the song) may be collected : it expresses in a clear, concise, and simple manner, some particular sentiment, which seems to include virtually the general subject or design of the poem ; and it is thrown in at proper intervals, according to the nature and arrangement of it, for the sake of impressing the subject more firmly upon the mind. That the intercalary verse is perfectly congenial to the Idyllium, is evident

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\* Ezra iii. 10, 11.

from the authority of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and even of Virgil. I shall add one or two examples from the Sacred Poetry, which will not lose in a comparison with the most perfect specimens in this department of poetry, which those excellent writers have bequeathed to posterity: and in order to illustrate as well the elegance of the poem in general, as the peculiar force and beauty of the intercalary verse, the order and conduct of the subject must be particularly explained. (See his note on Psalm cvii.)—LOWTH, *Lect. 29.*

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### PSALM CXXXVI.

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing  
 Praises to your Heavenly King;  
 For his blessings far extend,  
 And his mercy knows no end.

Be the Lord your only theme,  
 Who of gods is God supreme;  
 He, to whom all lords beside  
 Bow the knee, and vail their pride;

Who asserts his just command  
 By the wonders of his hand ;  
 He, whose wisdom thron'd on high  
 Built the mansions of the sky ;

He, who bade the wat'ry deep  
 Under earth's foundation sleep,  
 And the orbs that gild the pole  
 Through the boundless æther roll ;

Thee, O Sun, whose pow'rful ray  
 Rules the empire of the day ;  
 You, O Moon, and Stars, whose light  
 Gilds the darkness of the night.

He with food sustains, O Earth,  
 All who claim from thee their birth ;  
 For his blessings far extend,  
 And his mercy knows no end.

Lift your voice, and thankful sing  
 Praise to Heaven's eternal King ;  
 For his blessings far extend,  
 And his mercy knows no end.

MERRICK.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

It appears to me very improbable, that any psalms, which breathe a truly sublime and poetical spirit, were composed after the return from Babylon,\* excepting perhaps that elegant piece of poetry the hundred-and-thirty-seventh.—MICHAELIS.

The banks of the rivers of Babylon, the Euphrates, &c. were so thickly planted with willow-trees, as the learned Bochart informs us, that the country of Babylon was thence called *the Vale of Willows*, and on these trees were suspended the lyres of the captive Hebrews unstrung.—*Persian Miscellanies by Sir WILLIAM OUSLEY, as quoted in Pursuits of Literaturé.*

## PSALM CXXXVII.

SAD and forlorn near Babylon we lay,  
Where limpid streams in crystal mazes play,

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\* “Si forte unicum exceperis, eumque longè elegantissimum, cxxxvii.”

Strong in our minds unhappy Sion rose,  
 And brought a fresh remembrance of our woes :  
 Our silent harps on mournful willows hung,  
 Mute were our voices, and our harps unstrung ;  
 The scornful victors load our limbs with chains,  
 Insult our anguish, and deride our pains ;  
 With taunts they cry'd, " Repeat a mirthful air,  
 " Such as was sung in Sion, once the fair."  
 Captive, abandon'd, in a foreign land,  
 How can we answer this unjust demand ?  
 How can we praise the Lord in joyful strains,  
 Where sadness pines, and mad confusion reigns ?  
 O Salem, ever woful ! ever dear !  
 If I forget thee through a dastard fear,  
 Let my ungrateful hand forget to play,  
 And tune the chords responsive to my lay ;  
 If I with trouble, or with care oppress'd,  
 Should blot thy lovely image from my breast,  
 May I forget the melody of song,  
 And lasting silence dwell upon my tongue.  
 On that dire day when hostile squadrons stood,  
 Breathing revenge, and thirsting for our blood,  
 Remember, Lord, how swoln with envious pride,  
 Inflam'd with ire the sons of Edom cry'd ;  
 Call forth your rage, the stately walls confound,  
 And raze the goodly structures to the ground.  
 Devoted Babylon ! thy lofty wall,  
 The source of all our woes, is doom'd to fall ;

That prince shall fame, eternal fame, acquire,  
 Who lays thy city waste with sword and fire,  
 And deaf to children's cries, and parents' moans,  
 Shall dash thy bleeding infants on the stones.

LOVLIN.

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PSALM CXXXVII.\*

On the proud banks of great Euphrates flood,  
 There we sat, and there we wept ;  
 Our harps, that now no music understood,  
 Nodding on the willows slept,  
 While unhappy captiv'd we,  
 Lovely Sion, thought on thee.

---

\* Richard Crashaw, a poet who deserves preservation for better reasons than his having accidentally attracted the notice of Pope, has originality in many parts, and as a translator is entitled to the highest applause. With a peculiar devotional cast, he possessed one of those ineffable minds, which border on enthusiasm, and when fortunately directed, occasionally produce great things. But he had too much religion to devote his whole strength to poetry, he trifled for amuse-

They, they that snatch'd us from our country's  
breast,

Would have a song carv'd to their ears,  
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest)  
When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears;  
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play  
One of Sion's songs to-day.

Sing? play? to whom, ah! shall we sing or play,  
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?  
Ah thee, Jerusalem! ah sooner may  
This hand forget the mastery  
Of Music's dainty touch, than I  
The music of thy memory,

---

ment, and never wrote for fame. To his attainments, which were numerous and elegant, all his biographers have borne witness. He died in the year 1650.—*Biographical Sketches, prefixed to Mr. Headley's very elegant work, Select Beauties of ancient English Poetry.*

He has translated the twenty-third and the hundred-and-thirty-seventh Psalms: Pope considers the twenty-third, as one of his best pieces. I have declined giving this, having so many favourable specimens of it already, and my reader will find the 137th not unworthy of this true poet.

Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue  
 Lose this same busy speaking art,  
 Unperch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,  
 No more acquainted with my heart,  
 On my dry palate's roof to rest  
 A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.

No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crown  
 The head of all my hope-nurs'd joys ;  
 But Edom, cruel thou ! thou crydst, down, down  
 Sink, Sion, down, and never rise ;  
 Her falling thou didst urge, and thrust,  
 And haste to dash her into dust.

Dost laugh ? proud Babel's daughter ! do, laugh on,  
 Till thy ruin teach thee tears,  
 Even such as these ; laugh, till a venging throng  
 Of woes, too late do rouse thy fears,  
 Laugh, till thy children's bleeding bones  
 Weep precious tears upon the stones.

CRASHAW.

## PSALM CXXXVII.\*

WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,  
 The brooks of Babylon the proud ;  
 We thought on Zion's mournful state,  
 And wept her woes, and wail'd aloud.

Thoughtless of ev'ry cheerful air  
 (For grief had all our harps unstrung)  
 Our harps, neglected in despair,  
 And silent on the willows hung.

Our foes, who made our land their spoil,  
 Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues,  
 Bid us forget our groans awhile,  
 And give a taste of Zion's songs.

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\* Babylon destroy'd ; or, the 137th Psalm translated.—Had Horace or Pindar written this ode, it would have been the endless admiration of the critick, and the perpetual labour of rival translators ; but it is found in the Scripture, and that gives a sort of disgust to an age, which verges too much toward infidelity.

This particular psalm could not well be converted into Christianity, and therefore it appears here in its Jewish form.—WATTS's *Reliquiae Juveniles*.

How shall we sing in heathen lands

Our holy songs to ears profane ?

Lord, shall our lips, at their commands,

Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain ?

Forbid it Heav'n ! O vile abuse !

Zion in dust forbids it too :

Shall hymns inspir'd for sacred use

Be sung to please a scoffing crew ?

O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave

Fast to my mouth in silence still ;

Let some avenging pow'r bereave

My fingers of their tuneful skill !

If I thy sacred rites profane,

O Salem, or thy dust despise ;

If I indulge one chearful strain,

Till I shall see thy tow'rs arise.

'Twas Edom bid the conqu'ring foe,

“ Down with thy tow'rs, and raze thy walls : ”

Requite her, Lord : but, Babel, know,

Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls.

As thou hast spar'd nor sex, nor age,

Deaf to our infants dying groans,

May some blest hand, inspir'd with rage,

Dash thy young babes, and tinge the stones.

## PSALM CXXXVIII.

To magnify the Lord, my soul,  
 Thy best affections raise ;  
 Angels shall hear my songs, and be  
 The partners of my praise.

Within thy Church thy constant truth,  
 And goodness I'll proclaim ;  
 These raise my wonder, and advance  
 The glories of thy name.

In my distress to thee I cry'd,  
 And thou my pray'r didst hear ;  
 Thou didst support me with thy strength,  
 And with thy comforts cheer.

Kings shall thy promis'd goodness know,  
 And take occasion thence  
 To praise thy mercy, and admire  
 Thy ways of Providence.

God from his high and glorious throne  
 The lowly views and owns,  
 But scorns the proud, and on their height  
 With indignation frowns.

Thy former kindnesses prevent  
 My fears; when in distress;  
 Thy hand shall save me from my foes,  
 Thy pow'r their wrath repress.

Thy never-failing goodness will  
 Complete what is begun;  
 O never suffer thine own work,  
 Nor me to be undone.

PATRICK.

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### PSALM CXXXIX.

NOTHING can be more absurd than the error, into which some commentators have fallen, in attributing some of the sublimest of the Psalms to Ezra, than whose style nothing can be meaner, or more ungraceful. Indeed, I have myself some doubts concerning the hundred-and-thirty-ninth, which I am more inclined to attribute to Jeremiah, or some contemporary of his; and I think the taste and spirit of the bard, who sang so sweetly elsewhere the miseries of his nation, may very plainly be discerned in it.—MICHAELIS.

That most perfect Ode, which celebrates the

immensity of the omnipresent Deity, and the wisdom of the Divine Artificer in forming the human body.—LOWTH, *Lect. 8.*

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### PSALM CXXXIX.

Thou know'st me, O Thou only wise,  
 Seest when I sit, and when I rise,  
 Canst my concealed thoughts disclose,  
 Observ'st my labours and repose,  
 Know'st all my counsels, all my deeds,  
 Each word which from my tongue proceeds;  
 Behind, before, by thee inclos'd,  
 Thy hand on every part impos'd.  
 Such knowledge my capacity  
 Transcends; so wonderful, so high!  
 O which way shall I take my flight?  
 Or where conceal me from thy sight?  
 Ascend I Heaven; Heaven is thy throne;  
 Dive I to Hell; there art thou known.  
 Should I the morning's wings obtain,  
 And fly beyond th' Hesperian main;  
 Thy powerful arm would reach me there,  
 Reduce, and curb me with thy fear.  
 Were I involv'd in shades of night;  
 That darkness would convert to light.

What clouds can from discovery free !  
 What night, wherein thou canst not see !  
 The night would shine like day's clear flame,  
 Darkness and light, to thee the same.  
 Thou sift'st my reins, ev'n thoughts to come ;  
 Thou cloth'dst me in my mother's womb.  
 Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd  
 This fabrick, be thou ever prais'd.  
 O full of admiration  
 Are these thy works ! to me well known.  
 My bones were to thy view display'd,  
 When I in secret shades was made ;  
 When wrought by thee with curious art,  
 As in the earth's inferiour part.  
 On me, an embryo, didst thou look,  
 My members written in thy book  
 Before they were ; which perfect grew  
 In time, and open to the view.  
 Thy counsels admirable are,  
 And yet as infinite, as rare :  
 O could I number them, far more  
 Than sands upon the murmuring shore !  
 When I awake, thy works again  
 My thoughts with wonder entertain.  
 The wicked thou wilt surely kill,  
 Hence you, who blood with pleasure spill.  
 Their tongues thy majesty profane,  
 They take thy sacred name in vain :

Lord, hate not I thine enemies,  
 And grieve, when they against thee rise ?  
 I hate them with a perfect hate,  
 And, as my foe, would ruinate.  
 Search and explore my heart ; O try  
 My thoughts, and their integrity.  
 Behold, if I from virtue stray ;  
 And lead in thy eternal way.

SANDYS.

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PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, hast search'd me out, thine eyes  
 Mark when I sit, and when I rise ;  
 By thee my future thoughts are read ;  
 Thou round my path, and round my bed  
 Attandest vigilant ; each word,  
 Ere yet I speak, by thee is heard.  
 Life's maze, before my view outspread,  
 Within thy presence wrapt I tread,  
 And touch'd with conscious horror stand  
 Beneath the shadow of thy hand.  
 How deep thy knowledge, Lord, how wide !  
 Long to the fruitless task apply'd,  
 That mighty sea my thoughts explore,  
 Nor reach its depth, nor find its shore.

Where shall I shun thy wakeful eye,  
Or whither from thy Spirit fly ?  
Aloft to heav'n my course I bear,  
In vain ; for thou, my God, art there ;  
If prone to hell my feet descend,  
Thou still my footsteps shalt attend ;  
If now, on swiftest wings upborne,  
I seek the regions of the morn,  
Or haste me to the western steep,  
Where eve sits brooding o'er the deep,  
Thy hand the fugitive shall stay,  
And dictate to my steps their way.  
Perchance within its thickest veil  
The darkness shall my head conceal,  
But, instant thou hast chas'd away  
The gloom, and round me pour'd the day.  
Darkness, great God, to thee there's none,  
Darkness and light to thee are one ;  
Nor brighter shines to thee display'd  
The noon, than night's obscurest shade.  
My reins, my fabrick's ev'ry part,  
The wonders of thy plastic art  
Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue  
To meditate the grateful song ;  
With deepest awe my thought their frame  
Surveys : " I tremble that I am."  
While yet a stranger to the day  
Within the burthen'd womb I lay,

My bones, familiar to thy view,  
 By just degrees to firmness grew :  
 Day to succeeding day consign'd  
 Th' unfinish'd birth ; thy mighty mind  
 Each limb, each nerve, ere yet they were,  
 Contemplated distinct and clear ;  
 Those nerves thy curious finger spun,  
 Those limbs it fashion'd one by one ;  
 And, as thy pen in fair design  
 Trac'd on thy book each shadowy line,  
 Thy handmaid Nature read them there,  
 And made the growing work her care,  
 Conform'd it to th' unerring plan,  
 And gradual wrought me into man.

With what delight, great God, I trace  
 The acts of thy stupendous grace !  
 To count them, were to count the sand  
 That lies upon the sea-beat strand.  
 When from my temples sleep retires,  
 To thee my thankful heart aspires,  
 And with thy sacred presence blest,  
 Joys to receive the awful guest.  
 Shall impious men thy will withstand,  
 Nor feel the vengeance of thy hand ?  
 Hence, murth'wers, hence, nor near me stay ;  
 Ye sons of violence, away.  
 When lawless crowds with insult vain  
 Thy works revile, thy name profane,

Can I unmov'd those insults see,  
 Nor hate the wretch that hateth thee ?  
 Indignant, in thy cause I join,  
 And all thy foes, my God, are mine.  
 Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review ;  
 With kind severity pursue  
 Through each disguise thy servant's mind,  
 Nor leave one stain of guilt behind :  
 Guide through th' eternal path my feet,  
 And bring me to thy blissful seat.

MERRICK.

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PSALM CXLI.

My God, accept my early vows,  
 Like morning incense in thine house ;  
 And let my nightly worship rise,  
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;  
 Nor let my feet incline to tread,  
 The guilty path where sinners lead.

O may the righteous, when I stray,  
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !  
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them prest with grief,  
 I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;  
 And by my warm petitions prove  
 How much I prize their faithful love.

WATTS.

## PSALM CXLII.

WITH sobbing voice, with drowning eyes,  
 With joined hands, rais'd to the skies,  
 With humble soul, and bended knee,  
 I rise, O Lord, I pray to thee.  
 As my dim eyes a briny shower  
 Of tears into my bosom pour :  
 So I into thy sacred ears  
 Pour out my heart, unload my fears.  
 Though dangers me besieging round  
 My mazed senses quite confound,  
 Thou canst give me a thread, whereby  
 I from this labyrinth may fly.  
 My harmless feet can walk no way  
 But privy snares my foes fore-lay,  
 And looking round about for aid,  
 My friends to know me are afraid.  
 No human succour now is left  
 To me, of help, and hope bereft :

My life is sought by many a one,  
 But ah ! protected is by none.  
 To thee, O Lord, my cries I send,  
 My certain hope, my surest friend ;  
 I have, in this false world's wide scope  
 None other help, none other hope.  
 O hear my cries, for faint I grow,  
 Opprest with endless weight of woe.  
 Me from my persecutors free,  
 Too great, too strong for poor weak me.  
 Bring me from out this hell-black cave,  
 My prison, nay my living grave ;  
 Where fiends, and fiendly-hearted foes  
 My flight on every side enclose.  
 So shall my thankful mouth always  
 Pour forth a fountain of thy praise,  
 And this thine aid shall teach the just  
 On thee their Rock to build their trust.

FRANCIS DAVISON, MS.

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PSALM CXLIV.

My soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,  
 Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword ;  
 Led by his arm, undaunted I appear  
 In the first ranks of death, and front of war.

He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,  
 And mow the glorious harvest of the field :  
 By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I past,  
 Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waste.

In him my hopes I centre and repose,  
 He guards my life, and shields me from my foes,  
 He held his ample buckler o'er my head,  
 And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade ;  
 Against all hostile violence and pow'r,  
 He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tow'r :  
 He o'er my people will maintain my sway,  
 And teach my willing subjects to obey.

Lord ! what is man, of vile and humble birth,  
 Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,  
 That he should thus thy secret counsels share,  
 Or what his son, who challenges thy care ?  
 Why does thine eye regard this nothing, Man,  
 His life a point, his measure but a span ?  
 The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,  
 Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.

Come, in thy pow'r, and leave th' ethereal plain,  
 And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein ;  
 Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,  
 So loud the chariot, and so great the God !

Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,  
 The folding skies shall tremble to the poles,  
 Heav'n's gaudy axle with the world shall fall,  
 Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.

Touch'd by thy hands, the lab'ring hills expire  
 Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire ;  
 On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,  
 And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze :  
 Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly  
 On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.

Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,  
 Down from the heav'n of heav'ns, thy bright abode,  
 And shield me from my foes, whose tow'ring pride  
 Low'rs like a storm, and gathers like a tide :  
 Against strange children vindicate my cause,  
 Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws ;  
 Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,  
 Train'd to blaspheme, and eloquent in guilt :  
 Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,  
 They plead their boasted innocence in vain.

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,  
 And guide the sacred numbers of my song ;  
 To thee my muse shall consecrate her lays,  
 And every note shall labour in thy praise ;

The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,  
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.

Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,  
When death flew raging, and the battle bled ;  
And snatch'd thy servant, in the last despair,  
From all the rising tumult of the war.

Against strange children vindicate my cause,  
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws ;  
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,  
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come,  
Like plants that nurs'd by fost'ring show'rs arise,  
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.  
That our chaste daughters may their charms dis-  
play,

Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,  
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.

Pil'd up with plenty let our barns appear,  
And burst with all the seasons of the year ;  
Let pregnant flocks in ev'ry quarter bleat,  
And drop their tender young in ev'ry street.  
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,  
Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.  
Oh ! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,  
To stain our triumphs with the fears of woe.

Bless'd is the nation, how sincerely bless'd!  
 Of such unbounded happiness possess'd,  
 To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,  
 Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

PITT.

## PSALM CXLV.

THEE will I bless, my God and King,  
 Nor cease thy wondrous acts to sing.  
 From earliest morn to latest eve  
 Thy praises on my tongue shall live;  
 To thee my harp shall wake each string,  
 Nor cease thy wondrous acts to sing.

Great is our God: in vain our praise  
 His excellence in equal lays  
 Would celebrate; in vain the mind  
 Its height, its depth, essays to find.  
 Age to succeeding age thy might  
 Shall speak, thy works, blest Lord, recite.  
 My tongue thy glory shall proclaim,  
 The faithful witness of thy fame,  
 Bid contemplation's inmost thought  
 Survey the wonders thou hast wrought,

And with assenting myriads join  
To bless the Majesty divine.

Thy dreaded pow'r shall each rehearse,  
Thy greatness shall my thankful verse  
Inspire, thy righteousness and love  
Our hearts inflame, our songs improve.  
Thee good and kind shall mortals own,  
To anger slow, to pity prone.

Thy mercies, on the sons of earth,  
On all whom thou hast call'd to birth,  
Far as creation's bounds extend,  
Thy mercies, heav'nly Lord, descend.  
One chorus of perpetual praise  
To thee thy various works shall raise,  
Thy saints to thee in hymns impart  
The transports of a grateful heart,  
The splendors of thy kingdom tell,  
Delighted on thy wonders dwell,  
And bid the world's wide realms admire  
The glories of th' Almighty Sire,  
Whose throne shall nature's wreck survive,  
Whose pow'r through endless ages live.  
His promise truth eternal guides,  
And mercy o'er his act presides.  
The feet whose steps to lapse incline,  
With faithful care the arm Divine

Shall prop ; the spirit bow'd with woe  
 His all-supporting aid shall know.  
 From thee, great God, while ev'ry eye  
 Expectant waits the wish'd supply,  
 Their bread proportion'd to the day  
 Thy op'ning hands to each convey.  
 Thy ways eternal justice guides,  
 And mercy o'er thine act presides :  
 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,  
 Thee ever gracious, ever near  
 Shall own ; their pray'r, in each distress,  
 To thee, thy servants, Lord, address,  
 And find thee, (verging on the grave,)  
 Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

Ye souls among his saints inroll'd,  
 In God your sure defence behold,  
 While fierce destruction at his word  
 Shall bathe in impious blood its sword.

Long as I breathe, my grateful tongue  
 To him shall meditate the song ;  
 From man's whole race his hallow'd name  
 Shall thanks and endless honour claim.

MERRICK.

## PSALM CXLV.

My God, my King, thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days :  
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
 Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
 New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;  
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream,  
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,  
 And speak thy majesty divine ;  
 Let Britain round her shores proclaim  
 The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise  
 The long succession of thy praise ;  
 And unborn ages make my song  
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?  
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;  
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways!  
 Vast and immortal be thy praise!

WATTS.

## PSALM CXLV.

My God, my King, I will sing praise to thee,  
 Till like thy name, my songs eternal be!  
 Ev'ry day, Lord, will I sing praise to thee,  
 Till like thy name, my songs eternal be!  
 Great is the Lord, and worthy of all praise,  
 And as himself, unsearchable his ways!  
 One age to count his works will ne'er suffice,  
 Their number to so great a sum doth rise:  
 The next shall take it, and the next from them,  
 And in their songs improve the lofty theme;  
 Sing to the honour of his Majesty,  
 How far he is exalted, and how high;  
 Speak of his reverend acts, his greatness show,  
 Above how full of love, of dread below;  
 Of all his goodness, and what he has done  
 Both for his people's glory and his own.  
 The Lord is gracious, does with love o'erflow,  
 Plenteous in mercy, and to anger slow;

Kind as a father, o'er whose works there shine  
 Glories of mercy mixt with rays divine.  
 All thy works praise thee, and thy pow'r proclaim,  
 Thy kingdom's beauties, and thy holy name.  
 Thy saints shall bless thee, and thy acts make known,  
 And to posterity continue down,  
 How to eternity thy rule extends,  
 And that thy empire, Lord, knows neither bounds  
 nor ends.

The Lord upholds all those who fall, does raise  
 The poor on high, that they may see his ways:  
 On him the eyes of all his creatures wait,  
 To him they look, and he provides them meat,  
 Opens his hand, does their desires fulfil,  
 And as he answers theirs, performs his will.  
 So just is he, so righteous in his ways,  
 That were *we* silent, stones would speak his praise,  
 And to his afflicted people's pray'rs so near  
 That their requests ere finish'd granted are,  
 And when to him for help they send their cries,  
 His truth prevents them oft'ner than denies.  
 For the desires of such, who him do fear,  
 Shall be fulfill'd and he their groans will hear,  
 Will crown their love, and with his own right hand  
 Destroy their foes, and on their ruins make them  
 stand.

Let the whole world, O God, sing praise to thee,  
And like mine may their songs eternal be!

WOODFORD.

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PSALM CXLVI.

O thou, my soul, praise thou the Lord,  
The Lord of love and God of light,  
Extend thy powers with one accord,  
Recount his name in inward sprite,  
Express thy voice without delays,  
O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

My heart is set to laud this Lord,  
This Lord so good is God of grace,  
His lauds my life shall whole record,  
Yea sure as long I bide in place,  
My God to thank I will always,  
O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

O put no trust in princes' power,  
The God of might is Lord to trust,  
Yea trust no man, his fruit is sour,  
No help in him, no credence just;  
God's love is sure at all assays,  
O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

Man's breath once past, he turn'th to dust,  
 This Lord so strong he ever last'th,  
 All earthly power decay it must,  
 Man's counsels all death's day doth waste ;  
 God's help is firm, without decays,  
 O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

Blest is the man, whose help is God,  
 The God of hosts to Jacob's seed,  
 Full fast with them he still abode,  
 Who God will trust, as well shall speed :  
 In him be set all stable stays :  
 O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

This God made heaven and earth between,  
 The Lord so grand, so infinite,  
 He made the seas, with all therein  
 His truth in word he keep'th full right,  
 His deed from tongue makes never strays,  
 O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

The Lord revengeth oppressed man,  
 This God of right, as is deserved,  
 All wrongs and spites requite he can,  
 He deal'th out bread to hunger-starved,  
 Thrall-men in bonds he useth to raise ;  
 O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

The Lord giveth sight to blinded eyes,  
 This God so bright to see again,  
 He lifteth the lame from ground to rise,  
 The just doth he in love retain,  
 To fill his life with joyful days ;  
 O thou, my soul, sing still his praise.

In care the Lord all strangers keep'th,  
 Of them sure God he is at need,  
 And orphans loveth, and widows seek'th,  
 Nigh heart he tak'th their cries of dread,  
 Evil minded men to dust he brays,  
 Sing still, my soul, sing out his praise.

Praise God as king, who reign'th for aye  
 As God of thine, O Sion, high,  
 Resort to him, go not astray,  
 Knit fast thine heart, shrink not awry :  
 Expel he will all fears and frays,  
 Rouse him, my soul, sing still his praise.

ARCHBISHOP PAKER.

## PSALM CXLVI.

O my soul, do thou give praise,  
And sing lays  
To the Lord God ever-living :  
And my tongue, till ty'd by death,  
And my breath,  
Praise to him shall still be giving.

Put no trust in potentates,  
Nor in states,  
Nor in wealth, in strength, or feature,  
For in them no help is found  
Sure, or sound,  
Nor in any other creature.

For their staff of life is breath,  
Which by death,  
Soon is raz'd ; their corps they cherish,  
When as they soon after birth  
Turn to earth,  
All their thoughts, plots, counsels perish.

Bless'd is he, whose soul so learns,  
 And discerns  
 Their false hopes, and them forsaketh,  
 Who the God of Jacob's seed,  
 At his need,  
 His sure help and refuge maketh.

Who both heav'n and earth did make,  
 And but spake,  
 And the sea, with their hid treasure,  
 Who doth keep his word, and oath,  
 Firmly both,  
 And, in keeping them, takes pleasure.

Who doth justice execute,  
 Ne'er being mute  
 For the wrongfully oppressed;  
 Who with plenteous bread doth feed  
 Them that need,  
 Loosing prisoners distressed.

God restores the blind to sight,  
 And sets right  
 Limbs distorted, lameness curing;  
 And his love to him that still,  
 Doth his will,  
 Is for evermore enduring.

God relieves the fatherless,  
 In distress,  
 Widows' plaints to him are moving,  
 Strangers safely he protects,  
 But rejects  
 Godless men, no good-ways loving.

God, thy God on Sion hill  
 Reigneth still,  
 Still in glory higher raised,  
 He from age to age doth dure  
 Holy pure,  
 Let his mighty name be praised.

BRYAN, MS.

---

PSALM CXLVI.

PREPARE the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,  
 And let the glorious theme my soul inspire :  
 To thee, my God, I sing ; thy mighty name  
 With heav'ly rapture shall my soul inflame.  
 My tuneful homage shall like incense rise,  
 And glad the air, and reach th' approving skies ;  
 While life informs this frame, the sacred song  
 Shall fill my breast, and dwell upon my tongue.

As some fair structure, whose firm basis lies  
 On strength of rocks, the threat'ning winds defies,  
 So stedfastly my hopes on Heav'n are plac'd,  
 Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blast.  
 Let others still for human help attend,  
 And on the flatt'ries of the great depend ;  
 Relentless death shall mock their airy trust,  
 And lay their boasted confidence in dust.  
 As the fantastic visions of the night,  
 Before the op'ning morning take their flight ;  
 So perish all the boasts of men, their pride,  
 And vain designs, the laughing skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,  
 To whom the mighty God protection gives ;  
 The mighty God, who made the stedfast earth,  
 And gave the springs, that swell the ocean, birth ;  
 Who form'd the stars, and spread the circling skies,  
 And bade the sun in all his glory rise :  
 No breach of faithfulness his honour stains,  
 With day and night his word unchang'd remains :  
 On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,  
 To help th'oppress'd, and answer all their cries ;  
 The orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears  
 Obtain redress, and fix his list'ning ears ;  
 His throne from changes stands for ever free,  
 And his dominion shall no period see.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

THE Ode is in its nature sufficiently expressive of its origin. It was the offspring of the most vivid, and the most agreeable passions of the mind, of love, joy, and admiration. If we consider man on his first creation, such as the Sacred Writings represent him ; in perfect possession of reason and speech ; neither ignorant of his own, nor of the Divine nature, but fully conscious of the goodness, majesty, and power of God ; not an unobservant spectator of the beautiful fabric of the universe ; is it not probable, that on the contemplation of these objects, his heart would glow with gratitude and love ? And is it not probable, that the effect of such an emotion would be an effusion of praise to his great Creator, accompanied with a suitable energy and exaltation of voice ? Such indeed were the sensations experienced by the author of that most beautiful Psalm, in which the whole creation is invited to celebrate the glory of the most high God :

“ Praise Jehovah from the heavens ;  
 “ Praise him in the heights :  
 “ Praise him all his angels ;  
 “ Praise him all his hosts.”\*

This hymn is, therefore, most elegantly imitated, and put into the mouth of Adam by our countryman Milton, who is justly accounted the next in sublimity to those poets, who wrote under the influence of Divine inspiration. Indeed we scarcely seem to conceive rightly of that original and perfect state of man, unless we assign him some of the aids of harmony and poetical expression, to enable him to testify in terms becoming the dignity of the subject, his devout affections towards his infinite Creator.—LOWTH, *Lect. 25.*

This Hymn\*, one of the greatest ornaments of *Paradise Lost*, is, as Bishop Newton justly observes, an imitation, or rather a sort of a paraphrase, of the cxlviiith Psalm, and (of what is a paraphrase of that) the Canticle placed after *Te Deum* in the Liturgy, *O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, &c.* which is the song of the three children in the Apocrypha.—BISHOP OF SALISBURY's *Vindication of Milton, against Lauder.*

---

\* These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty !

## PSALM CXLVIII.

You, who dwell above the skies,  
Free from human miseries ;  
You, whom highest heaven embow'rs,  
Praise the Lord with all your pow'rs !  
Angels ! your clear voices raise,  
Him you heavenly armies praise !  
Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,  
All ye sparkling eyes of night,  
Waters hanging in the air ;  
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare !  
His deserved praise record,  
His, who made you by his word :  
Made you evermore to last,  
Set you bounds not to be past.  
Let the earth his praise resound,  
Monstrous whales, and seas profound,  
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow ;  
Storms, which when he bids them, blow :  
Flow'ry hills, and mountains high ;  
Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;  
Trees, that fruit in season yield ;  
All the cattle of the field ;  
Savage beasts ; all creeping things ;  
All that cut the air with wings.

You, who awful sceptres sway;  
 You, inured to obey;  
 Princes, judges of the earth;  
 All, of high or humble birth;  
 Youths, and virgins, flourishing  
 In the beauty of your spring;  
 You, who bow with age's weight;  
 You, who were but born of late;  
 Praise his name with one consent;  
 O how great! how excellent!  
 Than the earth profounder far,  
 Higher than the highest star.  
 He will his to honour raise,  
 You, his saints, resound his praise,  
 You, who are of Jacob's race,  
 And united to his grace.

SANDYS.

—  
PSALM CXLVIII.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's name.  
 Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
 Ye scenes divinely fair;  
 Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim,  
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,  
 And breath'd the fluid air."

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
 While all th' adoring thrones around  
 His boundless mercy sing ;  
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above,  
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;  
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
 The mighty chorus aid :  
 Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,  
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode ;  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
 Who call'd yon worlds from night ;  
 " Ye shades, dispel ! " — th' Eternal said ;  
 At once th' involving darkness fled,  
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
That wings the air, that skims the plains,

United praise bestow :

Ye dragons, sound his awful name  
To heav'n aloud, and roar acclaim,

Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice :

Ye thunders, burst with awful voice

To Him who bids you roll :

His praise in softer notes declare,

Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,

And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow:

Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,

Your great Creator own :

Tell, when affrighted nature shook,

How Sinai kindled at his look,

And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,

Ye insects, flutt'ring on the gale,

In mutual concourse rise ;

Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,

And wafts its spoils, a sweet perfume,

In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;  
 Ye plamy warblers of the spring,  
     Harmonious anthems raise  
 To Him, who shap'd your finer mould,  
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
     And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
     In heav'ly praise employ ;  
 Spread his tremendous name around,  
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,  
     The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,  
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,  
     Fall prostrate at his throne ;  
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;  
 Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power  
     An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,  
 O praise th' eternal Source of love,  
     With youth's enliv'ning fire ;  
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
 Sigh his blest name—then soar away,  
     And ask an angel's lyre.

## PSALM CXLIX.

YE saints, in your assemblies raise  
 Your voice to God, new songs to sing ;  
 Let Israel his Creator praise,  
 And Sion magnify her King :  
 With cheerful timbrels let them dance,  
 And with their harps his praise advance.

God's people are his joy, the meek  
 With his salvation shall be crown'd ;  
 Then let his saints his favour seek,  
 And on their beds his name resound :  
 Their mouths shall with his praise be fill'd,  
 Their hands a two-ed'd sword shall wield.

The heathen nations to confound,  
 In chains he leads their captive kings,  
 Their lords, in iron fetters bound,  
 Before his judgment-seat he brings :  
 Such honour, in his sacred word,  
 God gives his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

SIR J. DENHAM.

## PSALM CXLIX.

PRAISE ye, and glorify the Lord,  
 Let him for ever be ador'd,  
 And, 'midst the saints assembled, sing  
 New songs of praise, for mercies new ;  
 Joy in thy Maker, Israel, shew,  
 And, Sion, triumph in thy King.

Extol the Lord, ye sacred choir,  
 On the sweet timbrel and the lyre,  
 And with soft pipes sound forth his praise ;  
 God in his people takes delight,  
 He'll rescue by his saving might  
 The meek, and them to honour raise.

Triumph, ye saints, with chearful voice,  
 With shouts for glory won rejoice,  
 And on your beds express your joy :  
 Be in your mouths hymns to the Lord,  
 And in your hands a two-edg'd sword,  
 Your foes the heathen to destroy.

To bind their potentates with chains,  
 In iron links their noble trains,

And pour on aliens wrath decreed :  
 The saints shall this great honour have,  
 To quell their foes, and Sion save,  
 Praise ye the Lord, O Jacob's seed.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

---

PSALM CL.

PRAISE God, who in the holiest dwells,  
 Praise him that in his pow'r excels,  
 Praise him, whose might all might out-vies  
 Praise him for greatness far renown'd,  
 Praise him with the shrill trumpet's sound.  
 Praise him with harps, and psalteries.

Praise him with timbrels, and the dance,  
 Praise on the ten-string'd lutes advance,  
 Praise him with organ's sweet accord ;  
 Praise unto him with cymbals sing,  
 Praise with high sounding cymbals ring,  
 Praise, all that breathe, O praise the Lord !

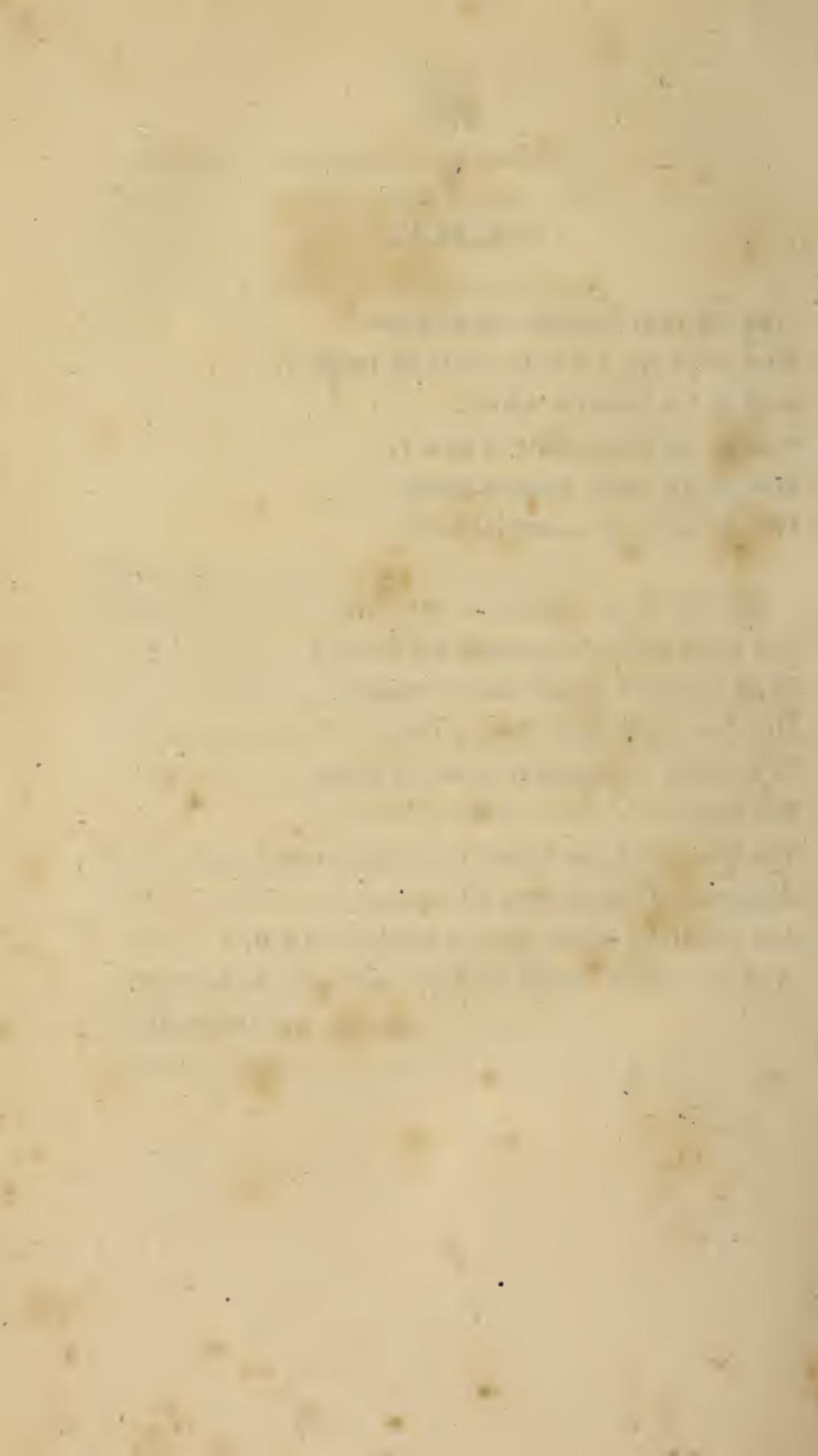
SMYTH.

## PSALM CL.

Now all your tuneful voices raise,  
 And rend the air with notes of praise ;  
 God in his holiness adore,  
 God in his firmament of pow'r,  
 God in his noble actions great,  
 God in his high supernal state.

Fill the loud trumpet to his fame,  
 Let harp and lute resound his name ;  
 With timbrels in the dance rejoice,  
 Give the melodious flute a voice,  
 Whilst the enraptur'd minstrel flings  
 His fingers o'er the sounding strings ;  
 Bid your loud, well-tun'd cymbals sound,  
 And spread the chorus all around :  
 Let praise by ev'ry living breath be giv'n,  
 And the whole world send up one voice to heav'n.

CUMBERLAND.



## APPENDIX.

## IN PSALMUM LXXXII PARAPHRASIS.

FORMIDARE Deum discite judices,  
 Qui magnis procerum cœtibus interest,  
     Et suffragia regum  
     Pendit consiliantium,  
 Secretusque foro præsidet arbiter.  
 Quo tandem nocuos fine fovebitis  
     Auctores scelerum, nec  
     Cedet gratia legibus?

Quisve justitiæ stat pudor, aut modus  
 Venales animæ dicite; cernitis  
     Ut vos præda superbi  
     Actoris vocet orbitas,  
 Et simplex pueri fallere nescii  
 Ætas fraudibus obnoxia divitum  
     Nullo vindice? tandem  
     Pupillis, et egentibus

Gratis jura date, et pauperis exteri  
 Causam justifico solvite calculo,  
 Quin illum sine labe  
 Fortunâ tenui gregem  
 Crudeli dominorum eripitis jugo,  
 Assertumque sui jus inopi datis  
 Turbæ ? saucia vestram  
 Libertas ad opem fugit.

Sævæ ludibrium triste potentiae ;  
 Sed surdis canimus : quippe animos tenet  
 Alta inscitia legum,  
 Et socordia pertinax  
 Defendit triplici pectora nubilo,  
 Densatum tenebris est iter, horrida  
 Vis caliginis atræ  
 Cæcâ mentem agitat viâ.

At res se intereâ publica consilî  
 Expers mole suâ præcipitat ; ruunt  
 Fundamenta ; soluta  
 Compages patriæ labat.  
 Sic est : vos, fateor, gloria nobilis  
 Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos,  
 Heroasque supremi  
 Auditis soboles poli

Rectoris : veniet mors tamen ultima  
 Rerum meta ; pari lege necessitas  
 Plebem deprimit unam,  
 Et regum pueros : sua  
 Nec servat tumidos purpura principes.  
 At tu, magne Deus, tu potius veni  
 Judex, et tibi dictas  
 Gentes imperio preme.

GROTIUS.

---

ODE TIRÉE DU PSEAUME XIX.

*Mouvements d'une Ame qui s'élève à la connoissance  
 de Dieu par la contemplation de ses Ouvrages.*

Les cieux instruisent la terre  
 A révéler leur Auteur.  
 Tout ce que leur globe enserre  
 Célèbre un Dieu Créateur.  
 Quel plus sublime cantique  
 Que ce concert magnifique  
 De tous les célestes corps ?  
 Quelle grandeur infinie !  
 Quelle divine harmonie  
 Resulte de leurs accords !

De sa puissance immortelle  
 Tout parle, tout nous instruit.  
 Le jour au jour la révèle,  
 La nuit l'annonce à la nuit.  
 Ce grand et superbe ouvrage  
 N'est point pour l'homme un langage  
 Obscur et mystérieux :  
 Son admirable structure  
 Est la voix de la Nature,  
 Qui se fait entendre aux yeux.

Dans une éclatante voute  
 Il a placé de ses mains  
 Ce soleil qui dans sa route  
 Eclaire tous les humains.  
 Environné de lumière,  
 Cet astre ouvre sa carrière  
 Comme un époux glorieux,  
 Qui dès l'aube matinale  
 De sa couche nuptiale  
 Sort brillant et radieux.

L'Univers à sa présence  
 Semble sortir du néant.  
 Il prend sa course, il s'avance  
 Comme un superbe géant.  
 Bientôt sa marche féconde  
 Embrasse le tour du monde

Dans le cercle qu'il décrit ;  
 Et par sa chaleur puissante  
 La nature languissante  
 Se ranime et se nourrit.

O que tes œuvres sont belles !  
 Grand Dieu, quels sont tes bienfaits !  
 Que ceux qui te sont fidèles  
 Sous ton joug trouvent d'attrait !  
 Ta crainte inspire la joie ;  
 Elle assûre notre voie ;  
 Elle nous rend triomphans :  
 Elle éclaire la jeunesse ;  
 Et fait briller la sagesse  
 Dans les plus foibles enfans.

Soûtiens ma foi chancelante,  
 Dieu puissant, inspire-moi  
 Cette crainte vigilante  
 Qui fait pratiquer ta Loi.  
 Loi sainte, Loi désirable,  
 Ta richesse est préférable  
 A la richesse de l'or ;  
 Et ta douceur est pareille  
 Au miel dont la jeune abeille  
 Compose son cher trésor.

Mais sans tes clartés sacrées  
 Qui peut connoître, Seigneur,  
 Les foiblesses égarées  
 Dans les replis de son cœur ?  
 Prête-moi tes feux propices :  
 Viens m'aider à fuir les vices  
 Qui s'attachent à mes pas :  
 Viens consumer par ta flamme  
 Ceux que je vois dans mon ame,  
 Et ceux que je n'y vois pas.

Si de leur triste esclavage  
 Tu viens dégager mes sens,  
 Si tu détruis leur ouvrage,  
 Mes jours seront innocens :  
 J'irai puiser sur ta trace  
 Dans les sources de ta grace ;  
 Et de ses eaux abbreuvé,  
 Ma gloire fera connoître  
 Que le Dieu qui m'a fait naitre,  
 Est le Dieu qui m'a sauvé.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

## PSEAUME CXXI.

*David étant à la guerre, composa ce Pseaume, pour demander l'assistance divine, en laquelle seule il proteste de se confier.*

JE regarde de toutes parts,  
 Qui me peut sauver des hazards  
 D'une longue et penible guerre,  
 Les hommes me trompent toujours,  
 Le Dieu du ciel et de la terre  
 M'est seul fidel en son secours.

Israël, qui gardes sa loi,  
 Ne crains point que jamais pour toi  
 Cet amoureux Père sommeille,  
 Qu'il te laisse tomber à bas  
 Et que sa bonté nonpareille  
 Ne guide et n'asseure tes pas.

Non, il ne sommeillera point,  
 Ce Dieu de qui l'honneur est joint  
 A tes triomphes, à ta joie ;  
 Comment seroit-il endormi ?  
 Comment laisseroit-il en proie  
 Ses enfans à son ennemi ?

Quelle faveur ! quelle bonté !  
 Un Dieu, de qui la majesté,  
 Avec tant de splendeur éclate,  
 A toujours un soin paternel  
 Pour toi, que ta revolte ingrate  
 Rend presque toujours criminel.

Rien ne peut lasser son amour,  
 Dans l'ardente chaleur du jour,  
 Ses ailes te tiennent à l'ombre,  
 Et la lune au front argenté,  
 Pour toi, dans sa carrière sombre,  
 N'a point de maligne clarté.

Enfin, le Seigneur que tu sers  
 Pour ta garde a les yeux ouverts ;  
 Que toujours leur clarté te luise,  
 Qu'il donne la force à ton bras,  
 Et que dans la guerre il conduise  
 Et tes desseins, et tes combats.

GODEAU.

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